

The Hartley University College Magazine.

VOL. IX.]

DECEMBER, 1908.

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All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the Editor of the Magazine, Hartley University College, Southampton.

All communications regarding Advertisements or Subscriptions should be addressed to the Secretary of the Magazine, Hartley University College, Southampton.

THE

Hartley University College Magazine.

NOTES AND NEWS. ❧ ❧

* * *

Honours Gained by our Staff—

PROFESSOR HEARNshaw's researches into "Leet Jurisdiction in England" procured for him the degree of LL.D. from Trinity College, Dublin. The degree was conferred at a congregation held on July 7th. On the same occasion Mrs. Hearnshaw proceeded to the degree of M.A., to which her Cambridge University qualifications entitled her. Our heartiest congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Hearnshaw on these well-earned honours.

Professor Masom has been appointed Examiner in English for the Matriculation Examinations of London University.

The Cambridge University Press has requested Dr. Hearnshaw to write for early publication a "History of Mediæval Europe," covering the long period from the 5th century to the 15th century of the Christian era.

—and by our Students.

Intermediate Science, London (Pass), 1908.

Miss F. Butler, J. Andrews, C. T. Besant, W. H. Bilson, A. F. French, C. A. Mason, D. E. Civil, L. F. Dowden.

Intermediate Science (Engineering), London, 1908.

E. W. Beare, C. E. R. Osman, G. Shearing, W. E. Blizard, J. Palmer.

Intermediate Arts, London, 1908.

E. J. Passant (2nd class honours in History), Miss A. C. Izett, R. Brearly, E. Baldwin, F. W. Griffen, T. Turner.

Modern Languages Scholarship at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge:—E. H. Wood.

Mathematical Scholarship of St. John's College, Cambridge:—G. H. Stevens.

Congratulations and Welcomes.

We heartily welcome to our midst Mrs. Studer and Mrs. Phillips, the brides of two of the most popular and respected members of the College staff, who were married during the summer vacation.

Mr. T. S. Sterling, B.A., who has joined the staff as Lecturer in English, had a distinguished career at Cambridge. Entering Downing College in 1905, Mr. Sterling was the first Downing student to take honours in Mediæval and Modern Languages in the University. During the session 1907-8 he was President of the Cambridge Mermaid Literary Society, which includes among its honorary members Professors Skeat and Gollancz and Messrs. A. C. Benson and A. J. Wyatt. In October, 1908, Mr. Sterling was elected as the first Charles Oldham Shakespeare Scholar in Cambridge University.

National Home Reading Union.

THE local branch of the National Home Reading Union held its opening meeting for the current session on Saturday, October 31st, when Dr. Hearnshaw gave the inaugural lecture on "Francis Bacon: a Study introductory to the Essays."

Prof. Hearnshaw dwelt first with the life of Bacon, which he divided for purposes of study into four periods: (1) early years, 1560-1579; (2) the period of struggle, 1579-1612; (3) the period of success, 1612-1621; (4) the fall, 1621-1626. He next spoke of the writings, classifying them under the two main heads of Latin and English. He then proceeded to discuss Bacon's influence in each of the two spheres in which Bacon was active—the sphere of politics and the sphere of philosophy. Finally, he attempted an estimate of Bacon's character, emphasising his profound wisdom, his moral incapacity, and his fatal lack of singleness of purpose.

On November 21st Mr. T. S. Sterling, B.A., followed up the subject by a lecture on the Essays themselves. Of this lecture we hope to be able to give a summary in our next issue.

"God-gifted organ/voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages."

THE "Milton Tercentenary" address of the Congregational Union of England and Wales was delivered in the Great George Street Church, Liverpool, by Dr. Hearnshaw, on October 20th. A very large assembly of delegates from all parts of the country, including two Members of Parliament, listened to Dr. Hearnshaw's address, which dealt with Milton as a Puritan Idealist.

Our Advertisers.

We have once more to thank our advertisers for their generous support. Without the financial help given by them the Magazine in its present form and size could not possibly be produced. We appeal to our readers, including past as well as present students, to bear this fact in mind, and, when making purchases, to deal with our advertisers, who, we feel sure, give good value at moderate prices.

The Magazine Committee.

We may congratulate ourselves on the excellent Committee which has been elected this session to manage the Magazine. We believe that it would have been impossible to choose a more energetic and hard-working committee, but readers should remember that the success of a Magazine like ours must, after all, depend very largely on the co-operation of *all* the members of the College. That there is literary talent amongst us, the present number is sufficient evidence, but probably many a potential is hiding his (or her) light under a bushel. Do send in that M.S. of yours!

To Contributors.

ALL contributions should be written in ink, and on one side of the paper only. No contribution can be accepted without the name of the contributor, which should be placed within brackets if not intended for publication. If your first contribution fails to appear in print do not be discouraged. Try again, and you will probably do better next time, if only because you will have learnt what sort of matter is *not* wanted. Several contributions have been held over this time for lack of space, but we should be glad to have more articles, grave and gay, readable, and of general interest, for future issues. The more material that comes in the more expansive becomes the editorial smile, and the keener the struggle for existence in which the fittest for publication survives.

WOLSEY, RICHELIEU, AND BISMARCK:

A Comparison.

* * *

EACH of the three great nations of the West has produced one pre-eminent political genius. England has given birth to Wolsey, France to Richelieu, Germany to Bismarck. Looking at these men from the point of view of their work it would be equally correct to say that each of the three great statesmen of the West has created a nation. For the supreme achievement alike of Wolsey, of Richelieu, and of Bismarck, was to complete the unification of his people, to breathe into a newly agglomerated mass of long-sundered sects the spirit of a living patriotism, to awaken in it a national self-consciousness, to fill the new-created nation with a sense of abounding vitality, to inspire it with a faith in its high destiny.

The process by which the peoples of Europe were made ready for the creative touch which should transmute them into nations was very slow. Long after the power of the Roman Empire had sunk into contempt and its territories had been parted among the spoilers, the majesty of its name lay like a spell upon the minds of men. Within its visionary limits, too, the Catholic Church grew up and perpetuated its claim to universal dominion. Down even to the present century the ancient theory lingered that all kings owed temporal allegiance to the successor of Augustus, as they owed spiritual allegiance to the successor of St. Peter.

So long as this theory was an operative political principal there could be no such things as nations. The national and the catholic ideas are antagonistic. The one implies independence, the other subordination. The former emphasises the differences which keep men apart, the latter proclaims the existence of bonds strong enough to unite even those whom blood make alien and whom seas divide. Thus in mediæval Catholic Europe such divisions as existed were horizontal not vertical, social not national. The great orders of knight-hood had their branches in all lands. The monastic brother-hoods knew no local limitations. The Crusades were the missionary expeditions of a united Christendom, and to all Christian men lay open the roads to the two supreme offices of Emperor and Pope. Scholars, lawyers, merchants—all formed classes co-extensive with the Empire itself.

But against this Imperial Christendom—obsolete relic of the world that was, premature anticipation of the world that is to be—were battling the potent influences of race and locality, language and custom, the ambitions of rulers and the passions of unimaginative and unregenerate man. Their disintegrating power proved superior to the cohesive force a decadent Catholicism. The countries of the West—excepting Germany which had the Emperor, and Italy which had the Pope—found themselves drifting alike from the centre of Christendom and from one another, and taking up independent positions. Their churches became local and began to develop along diverging lines. The old cosmopolitan orders of knighthood died away and the religious brotherhoods sank into impotence. In each country the fragments of the old social classes—serfs, freeman, lawyers, merchants, nobles, clergy—gradually became fused through community of local interest, whether that interest were opposition to invaders or resistance to ill-ruling kings.

In England Wolsey rose to power just when this process of fusion was becoming complete through the collapse of the feudal military system in the French wars and the extermination of the feudal nobility in the Wars of the Roses. He, by means of a brilliant foreign policy, gave the young nation consciousness of power. He turned the minds of Englishmen from fruitless dreams of conquest in France to the contemplation of the rich fields of colonisation and commerce. He made the Reformation, that emphatic assertion of England's independence, possible.

When, a century later, Richelieu became a minister of France the process of national unification was not so far advanced. It is true that Louis XI. had brought under the control of the crown the last of the great feudal fiefs; but there still remained a large body of Huguenots who possessed treaty-rights which made them nearly independent, and a large body of nobles whose privileges equally prevented them from being incorporated into the homogenous French nation which it was Richelieu's determination to create. So he waged unrelenting war on these two alien hordes till he reduced them completely; but when he had reduced them he tried by a wise leniency to turn them into devoted French citizens. Backed by his new-created and most eager nation he turned his attention to the realisation of his great political projects—the strengthening of the frontiers of France, the humiliation of Austria and the weakening of Germany, the formation of an army and a navy—whose splendid conception and whose successful execution first filled Frenchmen with

that pride of birth and with that enthusiastic love of "La Patrie" which have continued to be their dominant characteristics.

On Germany the dead hand of the Empire lay heavily and long. When England and France were attaining to national unity, its nobles and bishops were securing complete independence. The religious struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries split the country up into three mutually hostile groups of states. The treaty of Westphalia, 1648, recognised the fact that politically there was no longer a Germany at all. But from 1815 the scattered fragments tended to come together. The great obstacle to union was the keen rivalry between Prussia and Austria. Schwartzberg tried to remove this obstacle by the annihilation of Prussia; but he died untimely in 1852 with all his work undone. Bismarck tried to remove it by the expulsion of Austria from the German confederation, and since he did not die and had no conscience he succeeded. He "lured and cheated" Austria into war, and by means of superior weapons crushed her. His victory made possible a united Germany under the leadership of Prussia. Something more was wanted to make it inevitable. So France was "provoked by a lie which the three foremost men in Germany were partakers" and her headlong rush to destruction laid open the way to Versailles, where in the ancient palace of the Bourbons the coronation of the King of Prussia as German Emperor marked the realisation of Bismarck's great ideal. It is true that united Germany is only a federal empire; but every year a declining local patriotism and an increasing devotion to the common Fatherland indicate that the seal is being placed on Bismarck's achievement.

I had meant to complete my comparison of these representative statesmen by showing how very similar were their attitudes towards the people and their views of popular government. They all three despised the masses, paid little attention to their sentiments, and ignored their interests. They hated parliaments with their ceaseless tattle, their inability to come to decisions, their prying inquisitiveness, their love of giving advice and withholding money, their paralysing conscientiousness.

But space fails me to say more than this; that I do not think it unjust to trace to Wolsey's domestic policy the Great Rebellion of 1642, and to ascribe to Richelieu's domestic policy the Revolution of 1789, and to say that if in our day, or later, Germany has to pass through the reforming fire of a great social upheaval it will be due to Bismarck's domestic policy.

F. J. C. H.

A NORMAL DITTY. X X

▼ ▼ ▼

A contribution to the Mag.—
 To a Junior it's a beastly fag ;
 Yet to all who seek for deathless fame
 'Tis but a part of the funny game
 Called Life—result, a draw.
 Then keep on trying, nor heed the pain
 To yourself (and others), but count the gain—
 In time you may surpass Hall Caine
 Or equal Bernard Shaw
 (Or other classical authors of renown).

But this is just a mere aside
 To put our Pegasus in stride.
 We would relate how every day
 Such rummy things Professors say,
 Though steeped in learned lore,
 And tell the thoughts that come to us,
 Some gay, some sad, some serious
 (Though students rarely care a cuss),
 When lecturers do bore
 (Which they all do, with a few exceptions).

When told the moon is like an egg—
 Was this a try to pull our leg ?—
 We wonder who sat on the moon
 To give some mathematic lun-
 Atic a new equation.
 And when inspectors come around,
 How many genii (that's sound
 Latinity, observe) were found ?
 Six righteous in the nation
 (And, needless to add, they were beastly swotters).

Perhaps you've noticed, when we walk
 The High, how ladies look and talk ?
 'Tis not our beauty, but our grace ;
 They can't resist our stately pace
 That catches every eye,
 Resulting from our weekly drill ;
 We don't mind going through the mill,
 But do our work with rare good will—
 We want to turn out spry
 (Why should malicious persons say we're conceited ?)

We weekly cross the Bridge of Sighs
 With hankies to our streaming eyes,
 And often think, with smile pathetic,
 Of him who erstwhile taught Phonetic
 Amidst unhallowed mirth.

Such subjects are for students *sterling*,
 A normal's brain they set a-whirling
 Like a teetotum madly twirling—

We do not own the earth
 (Never having been to Oxford—or Cambridge either).

Of course we're keen (?) on music theory,
 And study it till we are weary;
 Then get (P.S. is not enough)
 No end of lectures on the stuff

And bulky *note*-books crowd.
 We'd sooner pass the time in singing
 And set the corridor a-ringing,
 Soon to the spot old Nichol bringing

With "Gents, this ain't allowed?"
 (Though it was as loud as leathern lungs could make it).

And since we've learnt that it is wrong
 To spend the Interval in song,
 Who knows? perhaps they'll stop our smoking
 In our C.R.—but, sure, we're joking.

Are we allowed to live?
 After P.S. we feel so tame.
 For meekness we have earned a name
 That must ensure us lasting fame—

This sarcasm pray forgive
 (Though many a true word is spoken in jest).

Our Socials too, have not succeeded
 (In students' life they are not needed),
 And really we've ne'er wished to dance,
 At games we never deign to glance,

Too serious-minded, we!
 While sitting-out has no attraction,
 For where's the fun in such distraction
 As taking of a seat a fraction

Up in the balconee
 (In short, we have turned over a new leaf altogether).

C. A. M.

EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND.

* * *

Part II: Characteristics of Swiss Education.

In the last number of the Magazine the growth of the Swiss school was briefly described, and an attempt was made to show how, in spite of great differences of language, race, and religion, the educational work throughout the twenty-two* cantons of Switzerland bore distinct national characteristics. Let us now examine what these characteristics are.

The most striking is undoubtedly the thoroughly democratic principle on which education is based.

Most western nations are now more or less convinced that Education ought not to be the privilege of certain classes to the exclusion of the others. I should not like to assert that all individuals, even in this enlightened country, have come to this conviction yet; however, at least the great majority have. But in how many countries is teaching really democratic, in the sense that all classes of society mix for the purpose of Education? In most they do so at the Universities, but not in the schools. In aristocratic Germany the Crown Prince will attend lectures at a University where he may have sitting next to him a shopkeeper's son, or a young man from the poorest classes who is securing a University education by acting the greater part of the day as tutor in some family. Yes, in Germany most classes—all, in fact, except those of princely blood—mix already in Secondary Education, and in the Universities princes are on a footing of equality with the sons of their poorest subjects.

In England, the country which in every other respect is a thousand times more democratic than Germany, we still hear, not from princes of royal blood, not even from the gentry, but from respectable middle class people: that they cannot send their sons and daughters to the younger Universities on account of the class of people they would meet there.

To one who has the interests of this country sincerely at heart, it is a source of great anxiety to see the enormous sums which are spent on Education and the comparatively small return the country gets for this outlay. How much money is wasted merely in this attempt to keep the different ranks apart in every grade of education! But my object is not to criticise the British public, for which in other respects I have the greatest admiration. I merely wish to point out that in

*The number of cantons was misprinted as forty-two in the preceding issue.

England the democratic spirit has never reached University education, that in Germany it is fairly well established from the secondary school onward, while in Switzerland it permeates the whole system, from the infant school to the University.

Private schools exist in Switzerland, but they nearly always exist for special purposes, and do not compete with the State-owned elementary and secondary schools. In the few cases in which private schools actually do the same work as the State-owned schools, the State interferes to an extent which could only be tolerated by a nation thoroughly converted to the doctrine of serving everyone alike. For instance, in Neuchâtel all children receiving private tuition or attending private schools are examined once a year by the State; if they have not made satisfactory progress in most they are compelled to attend the State school. In most cantons all teachers must either hold a diploma or undergo a special examination before they are allowed to teach in private schools. The curriculum has to be the same as that of the corresponding State school. In Zürich the list of all students, with their addresses, has to be sent to the School Board, and everywhere the schools are open to the Government inspectors.

With very few exceptions, however, all classes of people send their children to the State school in the first instance. The State, on the other hand, makes no attempt to sort out or keep apart the classes, as is done in Saxony, where the State supports three kinds of elementary schools—for the poor, middle, and higher middle classes respectively—the upper classes still preferring private schools or private tutors. In Switzerland all children at the age of six or seven are brought together in the schools. Those of the better classes *may* suffer a little from this arrangement, but I am sure that what is gained by the others more than compensates for this loss, if, indeed, loss there be. I can speak on this matter with some authority, having myself been educated under this system, and I feel convinced that, for Switzerland at least, this mixing of the classes at the earliest stages of the children's education has proved a factor of the highest importance—first, in elevating the general tone of the elementary school, and also in softening class animosities. Of course, I do not imply that such a system is suitable to all countries. In Switzerland everything is done to make this equality among the children as complete as possible. In most cantons the State supplies, free of charge, all the books and material required by the pupils. In the winter most States organise school canteens, where the children living far from school can get a meal at a small cost. Poor children receive their meals free, but among

the children themselves it is not generally known who pays and who does not.

Secondary schools in most cantons charge no fees, and some even supply the scholars with all their books. Scholarships are not granted upon the result of an examination, but to the needy who wish to secure a University education and lack the necessary means.

But the great leveller of class distinction is conscription—at least, conscription such as it exists in Switzerland. The young people who have attended together the elementary school soon get scattered in course of time; some receive the advantages of a University education, some of a secondary education only, some never get beyond the elementary school. But at the age of nineteen all, without exception, are called to render an account of their learning. All are measured by the same rule, and cases have not been unheard of where a lad of elementary education only has beaten his more privileged comrade who is reading—or is supposed to be reading—for a degree. Then all these young men are, without regard to their position in life, drafted into the regiments, and all begin in the rank-and-file. None can enter directly as officer, and no privileges are given to the rich and educated, as is the case in Germany. You will admit that it would be difficult to carry further the principle of democracy.

Another characteristic of Swiss education is that the whole of it is managed and paid for by the State. Endowments are practically unknown. One or two of the older Universities, such as Basel, have some property or capital of their own, but all other educational establishments—primary, secondary, and higher—are maintained entirely at the public expense out of the rates and taxes. As to the elementary and secondary schools, the local taxes have to bear the greater part of the expenses, while the State taxes support the Universities only.

To give you an idea of what this means to the State in the way of expenditure, and also to show in what proportion the money spent is allotted to the various grades of education, I will quote a few figures from the Government returns of the canton of Neuchâtel.

In 1905 the State of Neuchâtel spent:—

(1) On primary education	£60,000
(2) „ secondary „	16,000
(3) „ technical and University education	42,400
	<hr/>
	£118,400

or about 18/- per head of population.

The canton of Neuchâtel has about the same population as the town of Southampton.

According to the balance-sheet of 1907, Southampton spends nearly £75,000 a year on elementary education, which is a considerable amount, especially as there are so many private schools. What is spent on secondary and higher education is difficult to ascertain, as so much is still left to private enterprise. But it seems to me quite certain that for technical and University education, which in Switzerland does not include Training Colleges for elementary teachers, Neuchâtel spends almost ten times as much as Southampton. I must admit, however, that Southampton is making laudable efforts to render higher education more efficient; but with the financial conditions and traditions of this country it must rely on the generosity and support of private persons. After all, it matters little by what means the money is secured, but England must secure it if she wants to maintain her position in the vanguard of civilisation.

A century ago England was looked upon as one of the best equipped nations for purposes of higher education. If you read the books of French, and even German, philosophers and economists of those days, you will find that they almost invariably pay this tribute to England. Is that the case nowadays? Has England, then, lost ground? No, but she has not progressed at the same rate as other nations.

A third feature of the Swiss educational system is its clear division into elementary, secondary, and higher education. Secondary education rests on a sound primary education, and higher education is based on an efficient secondary education. Elementary education begins between the ages of five and seven, secondary at ten to twelve, and higher education at eighteen.

Thus all students entering upon a University course have had a thorough grounding, and can at once begin to specialise. That is the real secret of the success of University education abroad.

Again, education in Switzerland is thoroughly popular, and enjoys the fullest confidence of the nation at large. This has to a great extent been achieved by allowing each canton to manage its own school affairs, and also by giving great powers to local boards and securing the co-operation of a large number of persons. Practically every village has a local board of its own, which has considerable powers in such matters as fixing the holidays, appointing teachers, creating fresh forms, and proposing the construction of new buildings.

The members of the board pledge themselves to take a personal and constant interest in the working of the school, to inspect the forms at regular intervals, to take an active part in the terminal and yearly examinations, and to look after the welfare of teachers and scholars generally—I need not add that their kindly intentions are sometimes mistaken by the former. On the whole, however, the system works fairly smoothly.

Another characteristic of the Swiss school is that the State undertakes the education of the children not to the exclusion of, but rather in conjunction with, the family, and relies to a large extent on the co-operation of the latter for the development of character.

With the exception of a few seminaries for the training of elementary teachers, the State owns only day schools. Anything corresponding to the English public school or French Lycée is absolutely unknown. On the merits and demerits of the boarding school my readers are probably much better informed than I am, but in Switzerland it has always been an unquestioned principle that the parents have certain duties to their children in matters of education, and that these duties could not be assumed by the State without detriment to the children. The State, moreover, insists on the parents fulfilling their duties. It compels them to dress and feed their children properly. In cases of gross negligence on the part of the parents the State finds a suitable home for the child and compels the parents to bear the expense. The ideal is co-operation of parents, teachers, and school authorities to develop the physical, mental, and moral faculties of the child.

Finally, no attempt is made in primary education to push on promising students of more than average ability. The best part of the teacher's attention is, on the contrary, bestowed on the average scholar.

The sharper intellects have, as it is, a better start in life, so that the State has no obligation to accentuate the difference; on the contrary, it must as far as possible lend a helping hand to those whom Nature has treated less generously. This, of course, applies only to elementary education, and, as a matter of fact, gifted children still have advantages over the others: they get through their studies more quickly, and become candidates for higher education, where they alone can hope for success, and where they get special attention and every opportunity of distinguishing themselves. That these children are not pushed on too rapidly during their younger years, and not expected to bring credit to their school by premature

examinations, seems to me far from detrimental either to their mental development or their ultimate success.

The Swiss cantons realise they have obligations to every single child. The mass must not be sacrificed to a few geniuses; for, after all, the mass of average brains, and not the geniuses, make up a nation. That is the reason why the State spares no expense in the effort to give to every child exactly the kind of training it wants, and to burden it with nothing useless.

P. S.

DREAMLAND. x x

+ + +

I dreamt that I dwelt in Hartley Hall,
 Where were socials and soirées galore;
 The Profs. and the Prin. never came there at all,
 And the girls left each morning at four.
 The tramcars were gone, so we took the girls home—
 And spoke not a word all the way!
 But I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
 That this all took place every day.

I dreamt that I dwelt in Hartley Hall,
 Where tutors became all the rage.
 When in "fixes" we simply on them had to call
 And they helped with our problems to wage.
 But hang it! why did they arrange everything
 That those who in science would dabble
 Should go to an Arts man to get a long string
 Of learned but tiresome babble.

I dreamt that I dwelt in Hartley Hall
 Where Cambridge was all to the fore;
 The stories we heard were both lengthy and tall
 And we found them a *most* frightful bore.
 But most at debate dear old Cambridge did shine
 When he showed the advance of the race,
 Till a casual remark squashed his effort so fine
 And he promptly sat down in his place.

I dreamt that I dwelt in Hartley Hall
 And went to my logic with glee ;
 As I entered the door would a voice me enthrall
 " Now you see that all S is not P "
 Those species of props—the A, E, I, and O,
 Which seemed to be lucid to us
 Were made by the lecturer greatly more so
 'Mid silence without any fuss.

I dreamt that I dwelt in Hartley Hall
 And studied my *nerves* twice a week ;
 The names they were called were enough to appal,
 And their meanings we vainly did seek ;
 We were taught *basalganglia*, *cænaesthesia*, *neurones*,
 And a host of such others as these,
 All efforts to learn them resulted in groans—

* * * *

Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! "Eight o'clock—wake up,
 please!"

DREAMY DANIEL.

THE MAKING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

* * *

On October 22, in the Central Hall, Professor Hearnshaw lectured, under the auspices of the Southampton and District Workers' Educational Association, on "The making of the British Empire." There was a fairly large attendance, including a good sprinkling of students.

Mr. A. J. Cheverton (chairman of the Southampton Education Committee), who presided, said he had no doubt that the popularity of the lecturer had a good deal to do with the large attendance, but he ventured to hope that the objects of the Association had something to do with it also. Their main object was to stimulate interest in education amongst workers, as that was the class that must be benefitted by education. Amongst all the subjects engaging the attention of the public none could be of greater importance than that of education. In Southampton they were doing what they could both for little children and those who rose from

elementary schools to higher opportunities. They wanted that stimulus in education to be increased and the workers to show greater interest in the objects of education.

The chairman announced the receipt of a letter from Dr. S. W. Richardson (Principal of the College and President of the Association) apologising for his absence, and stating that he was, in conjunction with Professor Watkin, engaged that evening in a very important scientific investigation.

Professor Hearnshaw then dealt with his subject in a masterly manner. At the beginning of the fifteenth century geographical discoveries were made, and upon them the founding of the British Empire was rendered possible. At the close of that century the people of the western world knew little of the geography of foreign lands. Difficulties were in the way of exploration, owing to ships not being fitted to make extensive voyages. The compass was unknown in Europe (although it was used in China long before the Christian era), and thus it was impossible to leave land out of sight. Southampton was the main port in this country at that time for the eastern trade. When the old trade routes to the east were closed by the rising of the Turks in Europe, the object of exploration was the opening of new ones. In 1497 the first Portuguese vessel sailed round the Cape of Good Hope and eventually reached India. The English were late in their efforts to make discoveries of new lands. When they did begin their work of exploration, some went forth simply and solely for discovery, some to find routes to the East, and others to attack the King of Spain. Then there were some who went for colonisation, and others who invaded Portuguese waters, broke down the Portuguese monopoly, and traded with India on their own account.

The foundation of the whole of our Empire could be clearly and easily divided into three stages. The first was that of discovery and settlement by peaceful means. Then from the time of William III. to that of Waterloo, the expansion or contraction was the result of great wars. At the end of this period the Empire was a different thing from what it was at the beginning. We lost our American Colonies, but by way of compensation an Empire, far vaster, was established in the four quarters of the globe. Canada was captured from the French, while Australia became a possession by the English arriving there a week before them. South Africa and India were occupied as results of direct struggles with that nation. Then the third stage was the vast development and expansion of the old regions. Now their Empire consisted of a quarter of the land area of the globe, and the last quarter of a century had been one not of expansion but consolidation.

G.A

ON DIT; - X X X

v v v

THAT "Reminiscences of Cambridge" is in the hands of the printer.

THAT "Cupid" worked hard on the night of the Welcome Soirée.

THAT some juniors still sleep in their caps.

THAT tossing is a "Nobby" idea.

THAT all (S)tudy is not (P)ivate.

THAT the Principal event at a football match is the kick-off.

THAT the moon is egg shaped. Eggsactly.

THAT phonetics and hockey are "really very fine"—you see?

THAT the fireworks went off with a bang!

THAT something *ails* the juniors—Christchurch!

THAT George I. brought over a German band—has anyone seen it?

THAT a certain "terrier" does not like sausages now.

THAT seeing what Cambridge has produced, we have been advised to send *our* sons to Oxford.

THAT we are glad to know there *are* other great scientists besides Arthur the Great.

THAT the corridors are sometimes miniature Niagaras.

THAT the fireplace in the W.C.R. is really "grate."

THAT the current price of glass cloths is fivepence net.

THAT visitors to one of the laboratories a short time ago mistook it for a cookery school.

THAT the juniors were "taken in" at the Welcome Smoker.

THAT afterwards they "took the bun."

THAT "people with no intelligence should get married."

THAT apparently the author of this statement intends to practice what he preaches.

THAT at the smoker it was found that "an excess of adipose tissue" consists of towels, etc.

THAT practical chemistry on Saturday mornings is exceedingly interesting—to some people.

THAT "five only" means "not more than five."

THAT Mr. St——d will be early one day.

THAT the Clock Tower Orator would grumble in Heaven.

THAT a certain Pompeyite "has no difficulty in memorising anything." Really?

THAT a history test is not an exercise in phonetics.

J. H. G.

TO AND FROM CAMP.

* * *

"Oh iss, zur, Tom be an old oss, he be an army oss," said the village carrier. I have no difficulty in accepting the truth of the statement. Judging from our journey of four miles, which was accomplished in a little over the hour, I should imagine Tom's period of military activity to date back to the Crimean War, or possibly he was invalided home after Waterloo.

The old horse was impressed with the idea that he was required to extricate a cannon from a ditch, for a sudden jerk was immediately followed by a back-peddalling motion which—but the recollection is too painful, my friends hope that a persistent use of Zam-buk will restore me sufficiently to attend Certif. in 1909.

That my train was in the station was not sufficient to rouse the old charger to a trot; the driver assured me that Tom "cud not do more nor ee cud." I had no time to waste in arguing the point, and only just scrambled into the train by leaving Tom and sprinting the last hundred yards. Friendly hands dragged me into the carriage, but I really think that stout muscular old gentleman might have held on to some less impressionable article of clothing than my clean collar; no doubt his intentions were good.

The sum of 7/9, paid with a joyful smile in the knowledge that it came from the national purse, ensured my safe passage to Liverpool Street, where I spent some time deciding whether to have a cab to Waterloo or be wheeled in a bath chair. I felt sure our Liberal Government would wish a Gentleman Gee to arrive at camp in good style—as sole occupant of a four-wheeler, while my luggage (a small bag) followed in a second four-wheeler. Eventually, I decided to save the ratepayers money and so had a twopenny ride in the tube.

I had unwavering faith in my "voucher," but the booking-clerk at Waterloo had not the same veneration for the signature of our worthy sergeant. He consulted several volumes to prove that the voucher was not in accordance with Territorial Regulations issued a few days previously. A stormy five minutes ensued, after which resulted in the production of a ticket for "soldier or sailor in uniform." I had a lot to say, but the people behind were getting impatient, so with some difficulty I extracted my head from the ticket hole, through which I had incautiously poked it in the heat of discussion, and made for platform 2.

The ticket inspector eyed me over carefully, apparently in a futile attempt to discover any vestige of "soldier or sailor in uniform." He seemed unable to reconcile a white waistcoat, straw hat, and brown boots with the uniform of any regiment, horse or foot, with which he was acquainted. However, he exhorted me to "look sharp" before the train started. He seemed brusque but I think that manner was assumed in order to conceal his strong emotion. I commenced a lengthy explanation, which was cut short by a few inaudible remarks which I have no doubt were extremely witty.

My next difficulty was to get to the office of the station master. This feat I accomplished after crawling over a pile of milk cans, wriggling under a barrow, and finally scaling a pyramid of luggage down the side of which I shot with considerable velocity into the presence of this official. He was undoubtedly impressed with the dignity of his position. *He* was not hot, neither was he flurried and excited; *he* had no train to catch within two minutes. After my impassioned oration had concluded, he seemed unconvinced of my integrity, so I made a final appeal for an ordinary ticket on the ground that my train was then timed to start. Even this announcement did not suffice to soften that stony heart; I might as well have been urging that the greater side of every triangle is opposite to the greater angle. With the utmost composure this dignitary said, "Sir, this is beyond my control, so you must interview the Superintendent of the Line."

After an interesting game of hide and seek among corridors and swing doors, I came to anchor on a wooden bench outside the Superintendent's office. I was prevented from framing a connected and plausible story by a good lady who insisted on relating her adventures. She explained that she had left her baby (from all accounts a child of high moral qualities and a comfort to the home) perched on some luggage beside a child of similar appearance, whose moral qualities were unattested. The parent of this second child returned from the ticket office, snatched up the moral baby, and bolted into the nearest carriage. The pathos of the story was somewhat spoiled for me by the sight of my train departing from the platform. I murmured soft and low.

The superintendent then hearkened to *my* tale of woe. He solved the difficulty by giving me a letter to the booking-clerk, who meanwhile had "fallen out" for light refreshment. How polite he became! Could it be the letter I carried which ensured this civility? Let us dismiss the idea as unworthy, and ascribe the sudden affability to the light refreshment.

At last I received a ticket for "soldier not in uniform," and joyfully squeezed myself into a carriage, the temperature of which was certainly far above that approved by the Board of Education. A movement of my right arm gave the gentleman on that side a violent dig in his anatomy. Any movement of my left arm would have made me debtor to the L. & S.W. Railway Co., for one window, 6/8. A sensation of "pins and needles" in my left pedal extremity caused a reflex action, which elicited a prompt reflex from the old gentleman opposite, who objected to the conversion of his light holiday suit into a doormat.

* * *

I was weak and foolish enough to believe that some consideration would be shown to those leaving camp with the prospect of a long journey. I fondly imagined the Colonel saying, "Now, you fellows who are going home, off you skip!" upon which we should bolt to the station, over fields and by short cuts. I had failed to recognised two great principals which are essential to military efficiency, namely :— (1) A bugle must be blown; (2) Everything must be of the nature of a straight line. In accordance with these principles we fell into line at the sound of some indescribably discordant sounds, marched to the station in a straight line, and waited (in a straight line) along the edge of the platform. Before the train came in, several men committed a serious breach of discipline by turning their heads. I looked straight in front until a carriage stopped exactly opposite to me, stepped in, marked time, and after taking care to ascertain that the third button of my tunic was not concealed by the sling of my haversack, sat down.

Space forbids me to expatiate on the delights of donning civilian clothing and talking to the landlady after eight days absence from the sweet restraining influence of the gentler sex. My journey homewards was delayed by the train from Southampton being about forty minutes late at Waterloo, causing me to miss a connection at Liverpool Street. I began to peep about for a suitable corner to sleep in. A porter, zealous for promotion and the safety of his company, asked me what I was "up to." I explained that his confounded, etc., train, was forty minutes late, and concluded by asking whether there was any objection to my remaining in the station until early morning. "Sorry, it ain't allowed, we have lost things like that before," said he, "you must see the superintendent of police." It appears that on a previous occasion an enterprising gentleman had left the station ere the dawn, carrying with him several forms, some blinds from the waiting room, and an assortment of chairs, to say nothing of lumps of coal and other unconsidered trifles concealed about his person.

I did not feel very important in the presence of the superintendent. I drew myself up to my full height, an action which just placed my head level with the bottom button of his tunic, to which I addressed my tale of woe. In a few carefully chosen sentences I convinced him that I had no designs on the directors of the company, their servants, or their property. Finally, along with two other delinquents, who had committed the crime of travelling by trains which arrived late, I was locked in a third-class waiting room. We could not see each

other, but I judged from repeated gurgly noises—gu-gu-gu-gu—that my companions were partaking of liquid nourishment. The policeman who put the light out advised us to make the best of it. With my handbag for a pillow I was asleep in a few minutes. At 4 o'clock I was awakened by another man in blue, and before I had quite realised my situation, was outside Waterloo, mixing with a hilarious crowd of holiday-makers of the type described in newspapers as "of no fixed abode." Espying a coffee-stall, and being desperately hungry, I mingled in the general scramble for a cup of coffee and a sandwich. My archæological studies are not sufficiently advanced to enable me to suggest the century in which the sandwich was made or hewn from the solid rock. Not having a geological hammer with me, I only succeeded in chipping bits from this article of diet by tapping it on the stall.

The the attention of "Jarge," the proprietor, was called to the fact that the coffee issued somewhat slowly from the tap. The resourceful "Jarge" removed the obstruction by the simple process of blowing violently up the nozzle. I was pained at his thoughtlessness and wished I had my hygiene note-book with me that I might enlighten him on the subject of taps and drinking fountains. I had been drinking coffee from that tap, I felt myself over carefully to discover whether my rashness had resulted in any development of cœnaesthesia, or astigmatism, or hemiplegia.

After an interesting tramp through the City, I arrived home in time to take an exceptionally keen interest in the frying of eggs and bacon.

W. D. H.

OUT WITH THE GEES.

▼ ▼ ▼

The place selected for our Annual Training was Windmill Hill, Salisbury Plain, and thither our battalion proceeded on the never-to be-forgotten 25th of July, 1908.

Our departure from Southampton was quite romantic, for the train was surrounded by a crowd of fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, and some "nearer and dearer," who waved farewells to the battalion, as the train glided out of the station to the strains of "The girl I left behind me," played by the Regimental Brass Band—left behind to fulfil a profitable engagement during Cricket Week.

"G" Company felt rather lonely, as none of our "nearer and dearer" ones, etc., where there to see us off, they being far away, dejected and forlorn. This feeling, however, soon wore off, and speculations were rife as to what sort of a show Windmill Hill was. We soon found out, for on arriving at Ludgershall, the nearest station, all we could see was a scorched plain stretching for miles all around, some tremendous hills, and a few houses round the station, constituting the hamlet of Ludgershall. We detrained into a sort of cattle pound, waited while the "dwums" were found, and then marched away through the village, headed by the aforesaid "dwums," towards our camping ground. After a short march we arrived on a steep hillside, were halted, told to take off our "accoutr-r-ements," and fall-in to pitch tents. This at 6.30 p.m. and no tea in prospect.

After a good deal of muscular and verbal exertion, we got those never-enough-to-be-anathematised tents up, and then tea was served, consisting of a warm, brown nonedescript liquid, bread, butter, and dust. Some of that butter was put aside in the tent after we turned in, to be saved for next morning's breakfast. During the night it made a tour of the tent, and when we arose next morning it was found nestling in some one's best peaked cap. The owner said some nasty things, but his only comfort was to be told that the grease would keep rain out of the said cap.

That same Sunday morning the inhabitants of one tent arose as one man at 4.30 a.m., cleaned up, and were ready for Church Parade, which they fondly imagined was at 6 a.m. When the rest of the camp arose, and saw those "early birds," explanations were required, and when that gallant nine were told that Divine Service was at 9 a.m. they retired into obscurity. I omit their remarks.

It was also on this eventful morning that what Kipling calls "one of the little tin gods on wheels" ordered us to put all rubbish into the "respectacles" which afterwards proved to be wire baskets at the end of each line.

Night came at last, and we retired to rest early, spending a good night's sleep, undisturbed by any adventures with the butter, which had now learnt its place.

Monday morning saw the real beginning of work. We were always awakened at 5 a.m., and at 6 paraded for drill which lasted until 7.30. Then came breakfast, after which came parade again, usually at 9, and then scouting and outpost practice for the rest of the day. We had every evening to ourselves (save the unhappy beings on guard, picquet, or orderly

duties) with one exception. This was on Friday, when after having been out all day, we were ordered to act as outposts during the night. We marched out of camp about 7 p.m. and remained out until about one o'clock next morning. We were up again at 5 as usual to prepare for the general inspection, which was to be at 9. After performing some show movements and a march-past, we were marched out about three miles, and had to fight our way back to camp by a circuitous route, arriving at about 3 p.m. When I add that this was the hottest day of the fifteen, and that we were in full-marching order, and charged no less than three hills at the double, the reader will be able to imagine what we were like when we did get back. There was a continual stream of thirsty ones to and from the wet and dry canteens. The latter is so called because the drinkables sold in it are non-alcoholic, and also because the majority of its contents are wet. They consist of fruits in syrup, vinegar, oil, milk (both condensed and distributed), cheese, "fags," and onions. After a few visits to this emporium, one's sense of smell gets rather blunted, owing to the extraordinary scents to be found there, occasioned by the various articles being kept in close proximity to one another.

Sunday was spent as before, with the exception of the ultra early-rising episode.

Monday saw the beginning of operations on a larger scale. Our usual programme was, roll-call at 6 a.m., clean up and breakfast till 8, general parade 8.30, and then, headed by the bands, the battalion would march away to spend the best part of the day in various operations. We took rations with us every day this week, as we did not return to camp till 3 or 4 p.m. when dinner was served, to be immediately followed by tea. Such rapid succession somewhat tried our appetites, completely destroying them for quite two hours in some extreme cases. During this week we had three night alarms. That is to say, just as we were rolling ourselves up for the night, the "alarm" would sound, and out we would bundle, down to the parade ground and stand to arms. We would then march off a short distance, send out scouts, fire a few shots, and then return to camp again. The writer was on one of these occasions told off to fetch a supply of ammunition from the store tent, while the troops went on. He got the ammunition which was slung round the neck in two long bags, and in addition, had his supper in his hand, which he regarded as of far greater importance than the ammunition. He started off to find the rest of the regiment, a work of no little difficulty, and when he did find it, what with the pitch darkness, the

supper, ammunition, and rough ground, he looked as though he had been dragged through a hedge backwards. The crowning point was to find that the "Retire" had sounded just as he arrived, and that all his labour was in vain.

The middle of this week was very cold, especially at night, so much so, that one budding hero threatened to sleep in marching-order and fix his bayonet, and see then if he could be warm. He had already retired to rest, in his uniform, overcoat, and his hat.

Friday was the culminating point of our operations, and on this day we were opposed to some regular troops, and had the pleasure of defeating them and being praised by General Sir Ian Hamilton for our skilful advance.

In the evening a grand torchlight tattoo was held, and visitors came from miles around in every imaginable conveyance, and out of them. After this was over "G" Company held a war dance which was only stopped by the arrival of the military police, who told us we had better go to bed. That wasn't quite what they said, but it's near enough. Saturday morning saw us about quite by 4 a.m., as we had to strike the tents and return all our blankets and "straw-bags." We got this done, and then sat down to a well-earned *al fresco* breakfast. In fact their was more *al fresco* than breakfast.

A certain lance-coporal administered a shock to the quartermaster by drawing a whole day's allowance of bread for one meal, and when remonstrated with, calmly remarked, "If all the chaps are as hungry as I am, we'll eat all that, and fight over the crumbs."

We got away from the station after an hour or so, during which "G" had the pleasure of loading baggage for all the battalion, and eventually arrived in Southampton once more, all safe and sound.

Our appearance excited a little attention, for we were of a rich mahogany colour; and the writer himself was asked by a man, who had every appearance of sanity, if he had just arrived from India. The reply was not strictly within the bounds of veracity, but was excusable, owing to the imagination suddenly breaking into play after having lain dormant for fifteen days.

KAMAL M. T. KHAN.

IN FINISTERRE. X

+ + +

ON almost every railway station may now be seen the bright and alluring posters by which the indefatigable Messrs. Cook invite all who are weary of the surfeit of civilization in Western Europe to lose no time in shipping "somewhere east of Suez," or even but as far as Tangier, where, so the advertisements promise, they will find "untouched old-world surroundings" and "be transported, as by the Magic Carpet, to realms of legend and fantasy"—(these, please, are quotations we ourselves could not hope to maintain this literary level).

But there is a land within far closer reach of England—only across a narrow strip of sea—where the clock of the ages has stopped at something past 1400; where the Middle Ages are alive to day, and the air of "legend and fantasy" is inhaled at every breath—only it would not pay the personal conductors to tell you so, because then you would go there instead of to Tangier, and the ticket doesn't cost *nearly* so much. This land is Brittany; not St. Malô and all the cluster of watering-places along the Côte D'Émeraude—everyone of them French and as modern as Boulogne or Dieppe—not Dinard, that colony of British nurseries, but rock-bound, isolated Finisterre, the end of the earth in good earnest, but a most fascinating extremity for all that. On the map you will see it washed over with the self-same tint as Paris, Burgundy, or Provence, and in the gazetteer it will merely appear as "a department of France, area . . . etc." But wait till you get there. The scenery is simply Cornwall or Wales at its best, transplanted oversea; one division is indeed named "Cornouaille"; the Tre-, Pol-, Pen-, and Llan-, are all there, shoals of them; while, as for the inhabitants, they are not in the least like Frenchmen, but very much more like—well there, we will only say that the readers of this Magazine would probably find the type strikingly familiar. We have heard a Breton gentleman boast of having made himself perfectly understood in his mother-tongue somewhere west of Bristol.

And all this is scarcely strange if it be borne in mind that these are the children of British emigrants, seeking safety from the aggressive Saxon. Their migration covered a long period, and they brought over and kept their language, customs, and traditions, in their new home. Their warriors and their holy men came over too, some in the flesh, and some in the hearts of

their people, so that two parishes named from the same patron-saint, one on either side of the Channel, occur very frequently. For example we have St. Brieuc in Brittany against St. Breock in Cornwall, St. Carantec and St. Crantoc (these two in curiously similar sites), and St. Perran on both sides. This last saint enjoys a remarkable popularity all over Finisterre, and as guardian of wayfarers has his statue beside most of the thoroughfares in the department. It would be interesting to learn whether, before the days when a generation arose which knew not any saints except the local preacher, this popularity of St. Perran had any counterpart in Cornwall.

These wayside shrines have also a further value as indicators of distance, in which capacity they are far superior in accuracy to the obsolete milestones with which all the remote roads of Finisterre are still provided. For collectively these latter stones are as hardened and barefaced an assortment of hoary prevaricators as the parlour of any fishing-inn in the United Kingdom could show, and the confiding pedestrian who trusts to their lying assertions will assuredly shed much of his shoe leather and all of his temper on the highway before their mocking faces.

But to return to the Saints. Although, ever since Duchess "Anne de Bretagne, avec ses sabots" made happy two successive French kings with her charms and her duchy, Brittany has officially been a province of France, yet only that part nearest the true French border, the "Haute Bretagne Française," has become at all assimilated to French views and manners—and this was probably the case before the Union, from mere geographical reasons. The true Brittany, "La Basse Bretagne Bretonnante" has remained at heart emphatically aloof from the quick and violent oscillations in political and social fashion which have made such a patchwork of later French history.

Despite the thin veneer of French republicanism which is found in the towns and among officials, Brittany would be Royalist if she could but find a king to rally round, and a hope of success. Her instincts are all for devotion, all for willing and personal service. She was the only province of France that took no part in the Revolution, and to that great upheaval she did not so much consent as just acquiesce for very hopelessness of withstanding it, and she bides her time ever since. In no aspect of the national life does this dominant characteristic of devotion stand out in bolder relief than in religion. With the Concordat broken and all France, the "Eldest Daughter of the Church," a truant from her Mother, Brittany remains true to her old allegiance, and the Breton

finds the highest expression for his fervent spirit of devotion still in the most strenuous defence of his Faith. Not many years ago, for example, when by order of the French Government the surrender of the ancient Abbey of Lesneven was demanded by the civil authorities, the Abbess—there was hardly a male defender within hail—resolutely refused to comply, and on the arrival of several companies of infantry to storm the building, the nuns carried out a stubborn and spirited defence with such physical courage and military skill that re-inforcements were necessary before the Abbey could be occupied by force. The villagers, as in all similar cases, made heroic efforts to assist their beloved benefactresses, but their inferior numbers and organisation still threw the brunt of the defence on the Sisters.

Many strangers come every year from other parts to see the "Pardons," or local religious festivals, and if the visitors bear it in mind that they are watching the truest native expression of the deepest-rooted native feeling—that, in fact, they here see through the Breton costume and the Breton music right into the Breton heart—then surely they will have more than the memory of a pretty pageant and a quaint melody to carry home with them. The "Pardons" differ in detail considerably, local tradition being very persistent, but perhaps one example will prove suggestive of the type.

Let us commandeer the "Magic Carpet," and bid it flutter with us lightly down on to the cobble-stones of the great Market Place at St. Pol-de-Leon, the ancient Cathedral city of Leon renowned for horses. The Bretons call the city *Gastel-Pol*, or St. Pol's Citadel. This St. Paul, or Pol, was a Bishop in Wales, who crossed the Channel as a missionary and landed near this spot. In Wales he had possessed a small bell, with which he summoned the people to prayer. On arriving in Brittany he discovered that this bell had been left behind, and was bemoaning its loss by the seashore—for bells were not easy to replace in those days—when a fish's head appeared above water close at hand, with the handle of the bell protruding from its mouth. The Bishop recognised with joy his lost treasure, and retained possession of it till his death. His work in Leon was untiring, and achieved lasting success, and in the beautiful Cathedral by which his memory is now perpetrated hangs the original bell, which plays an important part in the Pardon. A small portion of the bone of one hand, now set in a bronze model hand, is the only other personal relic now remaining at St. Pol's own city.

We have, of course, been careful to choose the date of our visit, and as our carpet spreads itself and us gently out on the

Market Square the Cathedral bells are ringing merrily, and the Square is gay with all manner of garlands and flags. The odd, irregular houses facing the open space have paper lanterns hung out, ready for the evening illuminations. In one corner of the Square a sword-swallower is dividing the loafers' attention with a contortionist whose fearsome convolutions arrest our curiosity, if only to see if he will ever come right-side-out again. These loafers are in gala dress—the men with wide-brimmed velvet hats, the long ends of the band caught at the back with a large silver buckle, often extremely massive and ornate where the owner's pocket permits—but there are not many of these men in the Market Place, and no women. Where is all the city? This morning it was all in the Cathedral, and the vergers were at their wits' end for extra chairs: where is it now? Let us stroll away in the wake of a few hurrying figures we see disappearing down a narrow side street. We turn the corner, and find the city. It is packed dozens deep against the houses on either side of the way: standing on roofs and on railings, lining garden terraces and walls; every age and condition of citizen, and hundreds from the country outside. These are noticeable at once by the variations in their costume, and in the case of women, particularly their starched muslin head-gear, which varies in form from village to village, every parish being extremely conservative in this matter. As the caps, like the magnificently rich silk shawls, are highly prized heir-looms in each family, this conservatism is easily explained. In the crowd each is another's neighbour, and the bright sunshine is reflected in happy, kindly faces.

Chatting gaily, exchanging news, Brittany does not deem a long face the most acceptable offering to Heaven, or an indispensable prelude to a religious ceremony. At last up the hill comes the sound of voices singing the plaintive cadence of a chant. All the heads turn eagerly in the direction of the music, and mothers' eyes can be noted searching eagerly for the little Marie who took so much time and thought to deck out in her First Communion robes, or for Hervé, the sailor boy, perfect, as a colour-scheme, in his hand-worked blue patterned jersey, his white cotton trousers, and scarlet "onion" cap. He helps half-a-dozen others, dressed like him, to bear aloft a faultless model ship, dressed with bunting and hung with wreaths, in token of the dedication of their craft by the fishermen. The men themselves form a Guild represented in the procession—they are carrying their nets and their oars as a badge of their calling, and as they pass their strong, manly voices ring out to the swinging time of their marching hymns. The procession is so long that the

various parts of it can sing quite different airs at the same time without in the least disturbing each other's rhythm, or producing a discord on the ear of the spectator as they pass. At the end come the choirs of the churches, the clergy, and the Bishop; but as these do not, at any rate outwardly, present any peculiarly national features, being rather types of the International Church, we need not dwell upon them. One object more, however, holds our attention in passing. It is St. Pol's bell. Hung on a wooden frame, under a garlanded canopy, it swings with the motion of the bearers and sounds its simple note. It is only like the sound of a cow-bell heard on an Alpine slope, but its surroundings and its history make its quiet tinkle the voice of a messenger from out a dim and shadowy past, telling of the unbroken loyalty of children's children to the lessons good St. Pol taught their sires of old.

After the procession the crowd closes in in an orderly rear-guard and follows on to the Cathedral. In the evening a precisely similar scene is enacted by the light of candles in effective, but dangerous, paper shades.—Now the Magic Carpet, please, and we will fly away again till the paper lanterns twinkle and fade away from view, and the voices and the carillon of the bells come up to us as the hum of bees and then grow still, and our carpet flutters down again—in the mud, I am afraid—just below where those bearded stone gentlemen bend down so wearily beneath the weight of: "Hartley University College, all change, please."

* * * * *

There, now, we have been to Finisterre and never even been out in the moonlight to look for King Arthur and his knights—never seen Sir Tristram guarding his castle at Landerneau—never . . . but never mind, the Bretons won't forget about them, and we can save it up to ask them next time; meanwhile let us dream of the loyal hearts of Brittany and her motto of devotion—A MA VIE.

T. H. HOWARD.

WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

* * *

[Crime is only a form of insanity, and moral weakness is only merely mental weakness.—*Daily Paper.*]

When total strangers try to pass
As friends too soon forgot—alas!—
Write straightway each one down an ass.

When little James, the area-sneak,
Comes creeping in, my milk to seek,
He does it 'cos his head is weak.

When Charles, where jays do most abound,
In search of tie-pins hangs around,
It shows him mentally unsound.

When William, with a dummy key
And jemmy, takes your £ s. d.,
It's evidence of lunacy.

When Harry, once a model lad,
Makes money of the sort that's bad,
It testifies him raving mad.

And when I cause my readers pain
By metric crimes like these, again
The inference is horrid plain!

E. H. WOOD.

Cambridge.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES. ❧

* * *

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following:—*The Sphinx* (Liverpool); *The Wintonian*; *The Gong* (Nottingham); *The Phoenix* (Royal College of Science); *The Eagle* (St. John's College, Cambridge); *Floreamus!* (Sheffield University); *S. David's College and School Magazine*; *Sotonensis* (King Edward's VI. Grammar School (Southampton)); *Q.C.B.*, *Q.C.C.*, *Q.C.G.* (Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway).

St. David's College and School Magazine is an entirely serious magazine as befits the reputation of its place and origin. The final article on the Church in Wales is followed by an excellent contribution to the problem which makes such insistent

demands on the attention of the present age. This article on "The Unemployed" might be read and pondered by all. Two Latin epitaphs follow, to show, we presume, that classical learning is maintained at Lampeter. The usual reports and chronicle of proceedings make up what is, in point of matter and quality, a weighty number.

Floreamus! is characterised by an absence of levity in all its articles; the undergraduates of Sheffield, like their Hartley brethren, are evidently of a serious turn. Much has happened to make the past academical year a record for one Sheffield. The First Degree Day has been held, and many and various titles have been conferred on men distinguished in classics, science, law, and other branches of knowledge. The University has been the fortunate recipient of £10,000, under the will of the late Dr. Sorby. The governing body at Sheffield appears to be practical and progressive, and will, we feel sure, expend the money in a manner calculated to enhance the reputation of the University. We note that the Board of Education has approved of the establishment of a Day Training Department in connection with the University. All candidates for admission must have either already graduated, or have matriculated so as to be ready to enter on a three year's course for a degree.

The Sphinx has hardly that seriousness of tone which one would expect from the organ of the undergraduates of one of the foremost provincial universities. It deals little with the serious side of university life, but much with sport, and the efforts of the contributors do not come up to a very high standard. But perhaps this is only provincial jealousy, the Liverpudlians would retort.

Q.C.B.—Belfast seems to be the home of poets, at least of poets in embryo, if the *Q.C.B.* of last term may be taken as a Criterion. One contributor intersperses his poetry (?) with remarks on his method or composition. He says:—"No self-respecting poet writes in English now; but there are such a large selection of possible and impossible dialects, and all equally poetical, that I began to get mixed. Finally, I made up my mind to write the thing in ordinary English, and then leave out all the g's, and spell a few words wrongly." Those Hartleyans conversant with the subject of Fo'netiks would doubtless be able to render some assistance to this Irish poetaster. Another contributor deals (in prose) with the subject of "Laundry Work in the Heroic Age." After holding forth at some length on the noble art of washing, he asks his readers to picture "the unfortunate position of the damsel who had the ill-luck to scorch Clytemnestra's very best robe."

The following is a specimen of the lady's mild language to her terrified maid :—

" I tell thee, night and day the dread Erings
Shall haunt thee, clad in the same scorch'd robe,
And armed with smoothing irons to torment thee,
Strewing thy cheerless path with Colman's starch
And Reckitt's Blue——."

Would not a lady of Clytemnestra's type be of invaluable assistance to a certain section of the community at the present day? For our own part we should like to meet her ladyship (or rather "lydyship") for we have a recipe which would, we believe, soothe her ruffled spirits.

Sotoniensis. Cricket is the prominent note of this magazine. No less than twenty pages, out of a total of forty, deal with cricket matters. The "Old Boys' Notes" are interesting, especially the long letters from old boys at Oxford, Cambridge, and London. We note with pleasure that the late President of our College, the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Wills, distributed the prizes and certificates obtained by the boys of the school at the Southampton Centre of the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations.

The *Eagle* is a voluminous magazine of some one hundred and forty papers, in which articles of a staid and serious nature are admirably alternated with those of a gay and humorous tone. Thirty pages are devoted to "Notes from the College Records," dealing, among other things, with the pranks of unruly undergraduates during the 17th century. We feel tempted to ask in this connection: "Does history repeat itself?" A notable feature of this magazine is the prominence given (and rightly so) to accounts of the doings of old students. In this matter we might do well to imitate the Johnnians. A brightly written article deals with "The Contents of a Letter-box." One can imagine the feelings of the Senior Bursar when he received a letter addressed to "The Senior Boozer, St. John's College." We take the liberty of quoting in full the contents of a letter addressed to "The Governess of S. Margaret's Collège, Cambridge, Angleterre," by a worthy French lady, who, having heard of the Lady Foundress of the College, had concluded either that the establishment was devoted to the system of co-education, or that it was an institution in which a taste for "laborious days" was inculcated in the minds of fair maidens. The letter reads as follows:—

" MISTRESS,

" Y have a yong girl of 14 years and y will send she

in a English school, because the governess are very sterns. I have learn that in England the pupils will be punished by the wheepping if she are not laborious. It is this system that I will employed with my girl. Can you say me if I can expect that this method will be employed in your school with my daughter. Thinks you will excuse me because I have writing English very bad. You can reply in French or in English that I read a little if y not write. Expecting your reply I ham Mistress yours truly,

"M. N."

The *Wintonian* is a good and readable number. The magazine had, in the Pageant, a good opportunity of turning out an interesting issue, and the editor has made the most of it. The college is to be congratulated upon the part its members played in the Pageant. The article on "Impressions of the Pageant" is to be continued, and we look forward to completing its perusal in the forthcoming number.

T. S. S.

ECHOS FROM THE SANCTUM.

▼ ▼ ▼

Old students would hardly recognise our W.C.R. owing to the addition of a much more efficient heating apparatus. The old eye-sore has been removed and quite a grand fireplace, similar to those seen in baronial halls, now adds to the charm of our sanctum. Our thanks are due to Miss Wills who so kindly provided us with the means for this alteration. We hope to alter its appearance still further by a little renovation and the addition of some new furniture.

Sad to say that after the advent of the "Bun-lady" various batches of students may be seen retiring to No. 26, 28, etc. Why this thussness? Where is their *esprit de corps*? Sadly lacking somewhere! Perhaps it may be accounted for by the fact that some students secure front seats and retain them during the interval.

Some students evidently suffer from a slight delusion on certain evenings in imagining that the C.R. is a boudoir. If these would kindly let their gaze rest upon the beautifully illuminated notice facing the door they might discover something edifying in Rule II. Others might learn something to their advantage in Rule I. from the same artistic source.

E. B.

A NOTE TO MY LANDLADY.

* * *

MADAM,—It is with the greatest regret that I have decided to quit the shelter of your hospitable roof—how hospitable, none know better than I,—what a roof, I must add, since it covers such a house. Perhaps, I err,—perhaps, the roof may not cover all the house. Ah! to be sure, why should it! Besides, a little rain, properly distributed, renders the air moist and equable, and its pleasant pit-pit on the plaster soothes the nerves.

How often have I enjoyed the evenings in the little front parlour.—Ah! the feasts of reason and the flaws of soul—pardon me, the flows. And the music—delightful! And the organ—indescribable! True! I have not been in the afore-said chamber at the festive hour, but, madam, I may claim to have heard the delicious strains of the fairy-like and æsthetic Mary Ann, the tender flutings of that delicate beauty Susannah, the lower, but rich additions made to the melody by the versatile and much beloved James Herbert, as well as if I had been in their immediate presence. Was the hour 2 a.m. or 3 a.m.,—I knew not! The wonderful power of music makes us oblivious to such things, and renders sleep superfluous. The soaring soul of music is beyond words. Let us leave it so, and bestow them, madam, upon the fires.

They were out,—they are out,—they are indeed slaked. The great spoonful of coal in the attic grate has ceased its ineffectual fires, and the wet wood in its dampness refuses to be rekindled. I like that wet wood when it does burn! Its aroma of deep-matted forests, while it lasts, is better than tobacco, more fragrant than sandalwood, and the breathings of incense. And the coal,—wonderful!—the most ethereal coal ever sold in bags, or served up by the sixpenny scuttleful. Only the most refined coal, the finest coal, yes, madam, coal fine as dust, ever nourished by fires, and raised my toe-tips to the heat that cheers, but not inebriates. Gazing past the ample firebrick, which by your good foresight served as a diffuser of the fervid heat, at the core of solid red flame, once three inches across, how often have I woven in my mind distant dreams of tropical lands where winter is a foreigner, and the sun, a fiery monster, irradiates the skies. And then, when I almost felt his warmth,—ah!—then, the fire was out. The sixpenn'orth was done. Or I had accidentally put my foot too close and stamped it out. Or the cold blast down the chimney—and that it was cold, you have my word—had

blown it out, and there was I,—back in the Arctic with a large, rather red, but cooling fire-brick for my sole companion and comforter.

The meals were my huge delight. I really must pause to congratulate you on your cuisine. Your cuisine is unique—solid beef, of the true juicy English type—bred on the Downs (Canterbury), brown-jacketed potatoes all in full bud, the luscious vegetable marrow, the abundant rich gravy from a multitude of joints—yesterday's and earlier joints (*much* earlier joints)—the staid and aged cheese, the nutty butter (the choicest products and the purest fats only used in its composition), the streaky rasher, the small but concentrated egg, the nice pale-blue sugar, the still bluer milk in its many forms, also the staff of life, very staff-like. What could mortal ask for more!

I never asked for more, but revelled in the abundance supplied. I found that to be the wisest course. "Mr. Pifflewhiff, that is your third slice of bread and marmalade!" I have made note of the fact, I have ruminated, I have seen the delicacy of the remark, and I have *not* asked for more. No, I have hastened to the cheese and the one biscuit, and risen like a giant refreshed.

I shall sorely miss, and I hope be sorely missed by, that dear little cherub Walter—your fourth, madam, a lively child, of intellect quite unusual for his early years. I almost weep to think what I shall miss. And when he misses me, how even his howls will double in unassuageable grief I have no heart to think of. It is sad that the sorrows of parting should reach even to the tenderest and most innocent of youth, and leave it stricken—or howling, at least, as if it were.

Carlo, too, the most faithful and playful animal that ever licked the blacking from a pair of Sunday boots! And the cat, the handsome, the valiant, the amorous Pumpkin! What loveliness and grace when her eyes rested on the kipper frizzling for my tea, the while she rubbed off her superfluous hair on my best Scotch stockings!

No more shall I vision nightingales, what time the moon rides in the heavens, and Pumpkin, aloft on the tiles, descanteth gentle ravishment to Timothy in the gloom below, while they "nightly to the listening earth take up the wondrous tale," as Old Moore's Almanac so finely puts it.

Never again! Our paths have diverged, and other cats must eat the chitterlings, while I, my mouth full with fish and muffin, muse reminiscently of my earlier favourite, the chum of other days. Madam, you must bear with my weakness,

Pumpkin was my friend. We understood each other. I wonder how I can possibly leave a home that has held me with so many vivid yet innocent associations.

I have found the landlady of landladies; I have been privileged to fathom her bounty, to breathe in her rooms, to sleep in the choicest of her attics, and now, alas! I must leave the scene of so unusual an existence and transport myself elsewhere, exposed to the incapable and unmethodical rapacity of another taker-in of "single gentlemen."

Yes, the uniqueness of your system lies in its method; the more I ponder on it the clearer that fact stands out before me. What foresight, what unsuspected depth, what brilliant calculation!

In leaving you, I leave the most capable and clear-minded landlady it has ever been my lot to meet. The sentiment comes from my heart, and my conscience supports it.

Ever must I remain, Madam,

While these recollections endure,

Yours admiringly,

OCTAVIUS BEANPOD PIFFLEWHIFF.

P.S.—I forgot to mention that I am leaving because your charges are too high. Your last bill for the week's board, the laundry, the broken slop-basin, and the dislocated glass thingumajig settled the business.

O. B. P.

IMPRESSIONS OF A JUNIOR.

• • •

READER, you remember well, upon that day when first you made the tiles upon the floor of Hartley ring with your tread, how you lolled about with hands in pockets, pryed into queer corners and around doors, gazed upon each newcomer as if to read him well, but never spake a word. At first you formed opinions of your future friends, or otherwise, by the tone of their voices, the parting of their hair, or the cut of their clothes. Do you not remember how one came by carrying a silver-mounted walking stick in his gloved hand, and how another joined your company wearing a red cap with all the audacity of a Senior? These impressions might by this have faded, yet there are some which must surely linger in your mind as fresh as ever.

To be candid, Hartley did not reach the standard of the ideal which you had formed. You were impressed, as I was, by the drowsy atmosphere that pervades the place. But deep down in your mind the greatest impression was of your fellow students themselves. Marked you not how at the first football match and the first *soirée* we kept aloof as if we feared one another or were shy? Yet our Seniors proved themselves hospitable enough, for you remember well how you smoked those cigarettes they thrust upon you at the smoker, whilst you reclined in an armchair at ease. To their tales of by-gone days, when they were young, we listened in amazement and how we laughed at every one! What an admirable gift of nature had the authors of these tales, which they have left for us to hand down to *our* Juniors!

TWYNHAM.

BLUNDERLAND BALLADS.—I.

▼ ▼ ▼

A Swotting in the Night.

I'll tell thee everything I can,
 There's little to recite;
 I called upon a First Year man
 A-swotting in the night.
 "How is it, First Year man," I said,
 "That you are working thus,
 With that wet towel round your head?
 Why such a fearful fuss?"

He said, "I aim for honours high
 At terminal and test,
 I swot each night, no time have I
 For food, or fun, or rest.
 I cannot join the clubs, you see,
 At games I cannot play,
 I grudge that beastly compo. fee,
 So now please go away!"

But I was thinking of a plan
 To change this boulder's mind,
 And prove to him that every man
 Has duties to his kind.
 So never having heard such rot
 As what this fellow said,
 I cried, "Come, tell me why you swot!"
 And thumped him on the head.

His accents mild took up the tale ;
He said, " My marks are good,
And even if I do get pale
With study, it's so rude
To play rough games and madly shout
At footer, or to run
With Harriers, senseless rabble rout ;
I swot each night till one."

But I was thinking of a way
To make this blighter see
That College life not for a day
Could last were all as he.
I shook him well from side to side
Until his face was blue ;
" Come, tell me why you swot," I cried,
" And what you mean to do !"

He said, " I want to gain a prize
In every single class,
And always keep before my eyes
Certif., which I must pass.
Distinctions, too, I mean to reach,
As many as I can,
So when I leave the Coll. to teach
I'll be a model man.

" Besides, I always mean to try
To get myself a name
For working with a single eye
To honour and to fame,
And from each lecturer and prof.
A testimonial get,
And, though the other fellows scoff,
Gain higher honours yet.

" I've got a ' schema ' here, you see,
Like Mr. Lewisham,
Inter., B.A., then B.Sc.,
' Twill take me years to cram.
And that is why I sit and swot
All night and never turn
To pleasure, for an awful lot
Of things I have to learn."

I heard him, and with purpose grim
Made up my mind to act ;
I snatched the books and notes from him
And firmly, but with tact,

Came round each night and dug him out
 And now at every club
 He shines—at Lit. and Deb. he'll spout—
 He's quite another cub !

And now whene'er by chance I hear
 A donkey in the street
 Uplift his voice, both loud and clear,
 Melodious and sweet,
 Or if I see a pompous pro-
 Fessor, a learned wight,
 I smile, for it reminds me so
 Of that young swot I used to know,
 Whose look was mild, whose wits were slow,
 Whose face was very like a crow,
 With eyes, like cinders, all aglow,
 Who seemed distracted with his woe,
 And muttered mumblingly and low,
 As if his mouth were full of dough,
 At Hartley College long ago,
 A swotting in the night.

CYNICUS.

THE STUDY OF THE HEAVENS.

* * *

PROFESSOR WATKIN delivered during this term an interesting series of three lectures on the "Study of the Heavens." The first had as its subject the outlines of Astronomy. In the second century Ptolemy held that the Earth was fixed and devoid of motion. But at the beginning of the sixteenth century Copernicus showed that the apparent motion of the heavens might be due to the Earth's rotation about an axis in itself, whilst it and the planets described circular orbits round the Sun. But it was not till the seventeenth century that the structure of Modern Astronomy was laid, when Kepler and Sir Isaac Newton discovered what was the real form of the orbits, and proved the only kind of path possible for the planets is the ellipse, with the Sun at one focus. Since then many methods have been used to enable astronomers to state the diameter of the Sun and its actual distance from the Earth. It has been found possible to determine the distance between the Earth and Mars, from which the scale of the Solar system can be planned and distances calculated. Another method is based on the transit of Venus, and it is now accepted that the distance between the Earth and the Sun is about 92,700,000 miles.

On telescopic examination it is noticed that the Sun's surface is not uniformly illuminated, and that there are dark spots on it of enormous size. They are generally very short-lived, and often change shape and size to a large extent in the course of a few hours. Their whole existence is to be measured often in days or weeks. These spots form objects of great beauty when seen through a telescope. Their rapid changing of form tend to prove that the visible part of the Sun's envelope at any rate

is not solid, and it is highly probable that the whole mass is really glowing gas at high pressure and enormously high temperature. Closely associated with the Sun-spots are brighter dots known as faculae, which seem to be the upheavals of the lower brilliant layers into the cooler and less luminous portion. There are several other layers. Firstly, there is the photosphere, the source of the brilliant sunlight; then the smoker layers, giving its yellow light; and, thirdly, the reversing layer, consisting of the gases of metals in a vaporous state, intensely hot, but cooler than the photosphere. Then there is the chromosphere, glowing with a rich crimson light and always in a state of agitation. The whole is surrounded by the corona, apparently detached from the rest, and consisting of a very thin filmy veil, composed largely of materials quite unknown on the Earth.

The Moon is not self-luminous, but derives its light from the Sun, so that the phases New and Full Moon are seen to be due to the variation of the amount of the portion which is turned towards us and is lit by the Sun. Now, as the Moon always turns the same face to the Earth, nearly half of its surface has never been seen to us. But vast mountain chains can be detected on the visible surface, the craters of which, though enormous, are generally extinct. In between the mountains are vast arid plains upon which no water has yet been detected. The Moon is devoid of atmosphere, and it seems impossible that life can exist on it—at any rate, in the form familiar to us.

On November 5th the second of this series of lectures was given on the planets. It was sparsely attended by students, they being occupied in studying stars of a more home-made type.

The motion of certain heavenly bodies differs from that of the majority of the stars. Several of the latter do not appear in quite the same position at the same time on successive nights, yet their positions relative to one another are invariable. Sometimes, however, an exceptionally brilliant star is seen, and if its position with regard to its neighbours be noted we shall find it continually shifting.

The five planets known to the early astronomers were named by them after five of their important gods and goddesses—not very happily, as it turns out. Jupiter, the hoary father of all the gods, proves to be a fiery youth, not yet in his prime. It would be difficult to find a more peaceable object than that of Mars, the god of War; and Venus, turned bashful, hides herself for ever from our gaze under an impenetrable cloak of cloud.

The fact that the planets and the Sun all turn on their axes in an anti-clockwise direction, and that the planets turn round the Sun in the same direction, strongly supported the idea that the Sun and the planets are all condensed from the same primeval mist, and that it is only in this way that their paths can permanently maintain the same positions. Now, it can be shewn that were some of the planets to rotate in the contrary direction, or in planes widely differing from one another, the pulls, due to the law of gravity, would have a disastrous effect on the stability of the system. Moreover, in the course of a comparatively few years the path of the Earth, and, in consequence, its temperature, might be so altered that life would become impossible.

In 1778 an astronomer named Bode discovered a plan which led to the discovery of some of the planets. If the distance of the Earth from the Sun be represented by 10, the distance of Mercury is 4, Venus 7, Mars 15½, Jupiter 52, Saturn 95, and later discoveries added Uranus 192, and Neptune 300. Now, take the numbers 0, 3, 6, 12, 24, 48, 96, 192, 384, each twice the one before, and add 4. We get 4, 7, 10, 16, 28, 52, 100, 196, 388, which are remarkably close to the figures given. Uranus was

not discovered till after this law was established, and yet fits in well with it, and a search for an object to fill the gap at 28 resulted in the discovery of the minor planets. But Neptune, discovered much later, departs from it.

No one has yet been able to give any reason for this curious law, and the position of Neptune shows that too much importance must not be given to it, but, still, there it is, and to it the discovery of the first of the minor planets is directly due.

Mercury is only seen in this country low down in the sky just after sunset or before sunrise. It is supposed that one half of it is in permanent darkness and the other in perpetual daylight. Venus is the most circular of all the planets, and is smaller than the Earth. We know little of her features, as she is always wrapt in a dense atmosphere which defies all efforts to pierce it. Now, Mars is the object of more wild speculation than any object in the heavens. He is not self-luminous, and is only seen as the Moon is between half and full. Mars possesses an atmosphere so thin that unless it is much richer in oxygen than our own it would be incapable of sustaining human life. The theory of the canals is doubtful, as Mars is singularly flat and devoid of hills, so that the water would not flow along the canals naturally, and therefore if we accept this theory we must add beings intelligent enough to construct a huge system of locks and pumping stations. With regard to Jupiter all things point to his being wholly gaseous and at a temperature too low for his light to be noticed. He is, in fact, a sun which has just ceased to shine. Saturn is a huge ball of gaseous vapour rapidly rotating. His most remarkable feature is the system of rings he possesses. In face of the enormous strain they would undergo, one cannot conceive them to be composed of any solid, liquid, or gas. The only feasible thing is an enormous cloud of small lumps of matter, each revolving round the planet in accordance with the law of gravity.

Of Uranus little is known except that he appears to be a pale green disc, bulging at his equator, and is probably a mass of gas. Neptune probably consists of gas in a state of rapid rotation, but is too far off for much to be known of him.

Whether there is yet another planet beyond Neptune it is impossible to say. But if there is one it will indeed be difficult to distinguish from a faint star.

The concluding lecture of the course was delivered on November 12th.

In this lecture Professor Watkin passed on to the study of the stars, which are themselves suns, and are almost inconceivably remote from the Earth. The imagination of the ancient astronomers was responsible for the grouping of the stars into constellations and the bestowal on the groups of fantastic names. One of the most familiar groups was that known as the Plough, or Charles' Wain, which had an additional interest, because two of its stars, the Pointers, enabled us to find quickly the Pole Star, marking the point in the heavens to which the Earth's axis was always pointing. The Milky Way was the source of many poetic fancies. The Germans called it Jacob's Ladder, while the American Indians thought it as the path of departed souls, and likened the stars which shone in it to the camp fires at which the departed warriors rested each night on the way to the Happy Hunting Ground. It appears to the naked eye as a luminous haze strewn with brighter stars, but a good telescope shews a vast collection of small stars. All sorts of speculations have been put forward regarding it, but not much is definitely known.

Modern astronomy has affirmed that the stars are built of similar material to the Earth, their light resembled sunlight, and that they were probably subject to the same laws as governed the solar system. Our Sun is vastly inferior in heat and size to many of the other stars. These are known to be a long way off, because they appear to hardly change their position at all relative to the Earth as it revolved in its path. The nearest star is 350,000 times as far from the Earth as the Sun is, and at 550,000 times this distance Sirius, the famous Dog Star, is situated. It shines with twenty-one times the brilliance the Sun would show at this distance, though it is only two-and-a-half times as heavy. Its rate of moving through space is not constant, since another star outside is disturbing it. The probable position of this companion was calculated by astronomers just as Neptune was discovered through the irregular motion of Uranus. The actual existence of the companion of Sirius was discovered by accident. In 1862 some telescope makers were testing a new instrument, and, turning it to Sirius, found another faint star near by. Astronomers found that this was just where the mathematicians had decided it must be. But the light of the vast majority of stars takes at least 300 years to reach us, a fact which shews how immeasurable is their distance.

Objects termed nebulae when seen through a telescope looked very different from true stars. For example, the hazy appearance of the Pleiades was really due to the presence of an inconceivably thin maze of glowing gas, somewhat resembling the Sun's corona. These nebulae are supposed to be masses of the material from which stars are made by its contraction and condensation under the influence of the law of gravity which prevail there also. During this process the temperature of the mass rose and in time produced a flaming star, which afterwards gradually cooled, and, after passing through a stage similar to that now reached by our Sun, eventually became lifeless like the Moon. Remembering the influence of the Sun in the evolution of life on the Earth, it must be concluded that if any life were supported on these stars it must be very different from ours, as most of them would have no sun near enough to effect them.

From these facts a complete course of stellar evolution could be traced, and for this purpose the detection of dark stars was of interest. These could only be detected by their affecting the motion or the light of bright stars. These changes were actually noticed in the case of certain stars: for instance, Algol, which periodically suffered partial eclipse from a dark companion.

That the solar system was itself in motion could only be detected by noticing whether the stars in one part of the sky appeared to be getting closer together as time went on, while those in the opposite portion opened out. This actually happened, and it is concluded that the Sun and his planets were moving towards Vega at about $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second,

Comets were patches of star material attracted to the Sun's neighbourhood. In approaching the Sun the comet grew a tail, which increased with its nearer approach, becoming frequently millions of miles long. A comet was itself a very light body, and its periodic reappearance in certain cases was due to being headed back towards the Sun by one of the planets. In course of their intercourse with planets and suns the comets were frequently wrecked, as in the case of Biela's comet, whose remains were visible as shooting stars.

G. A.

TOPICAL CRITICISMS. ❧

+ + +

We are told to consult our tutor when in difficulties, but the worst of it these do not include financial difficulties.

Should a rugger player come to the field armed with a big walking stick? Good night alive! Nawendeed!

Never before has the Hockey Club been in such a flourishing condition. This year they have been able to secure the services of three groundsmen.

The *sweet things* at the Rugger Tea were sweeter than ever this time. The Boro'-Road men in the afternoon played in no half-hearted fashion, but in the evening they did not return to town whole-hearted.

We heard the other evening that when Cambridge men send their sons to Oxford, it is a sign of progress. When Oxford men send their sons to Hartley progress will have reached its zenith.

"Time and tide wait for no man"—but a chartered car has to at times. *Verbum satis sapienti.*

At a lecture one morning we learnt that the earth was *sat on*. The same afternoon at rugger the lecturer—willy-nilly—gave various practical demonstrations of this fact.

If the men students had only known that certain fair charmers were prepared to administer first aid in case of accident on the night of the 5th, the casualty list would certainly have been great.

We hear that a swotter has invaded the slumbering precincts of Windsor House. One feels sorry for this stranger in a strange land.

A new rule in Pedagogics has been recently formulated. When an inspector visits your class, be sure you show that you have *not* improved your material.

The education discussions have reached rather a *low ebb*, and are becoming slow. In *stead* of this being allowed continue, a discussion is to be instituted as to whether a student should answer his name if not pronounced correctly.

If a certain learned professor's recommendations were carried out, the College bill for HCN would show a great increase.

We have been informed on high authority, that Hamlet was insane, and that he studied at a University. If Physiological Psychology was included in the poor young fellow's curriculum, we can understand this.

Our prisons are evidently the homes of intellectual progress. A "B.A. (Portland)" was recently announced as having agreed to give a lecture.

When is practical chemistry not practical chemistry? On Saturday mornings.

We hear that "people with no intelligence ought to get married." It is anticipated that we shall require the attendance of a special cleric at the College for a week or two.

S. A. R. C.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY. ❧

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At the present moment the Scientific Society appears in a flourishing condition, and this session bids fair to be one of the most successful ever seen. Its members number 27, and the average attendance at the meetings is 30. The two papers which have been read have both been very interesting, and of that simple, popular style which makes them appeal even to the unscientific mind. It must be remembered by those who are giving papers that what is required is not an advanced scientific thesis, but that the subject chosen should be treated in a very general way, so that, whilst still being interesting to those members who know something of the science in question, it does not become a bore to those who do not.

The Society has now extended its efforts in quite another direction—that of catering; and the teas provided by the energetic sub-committee are, to say the least of them, quite fine; especially as the charge is only 3d. Probably the tea helps to keep the membership up.

On November 3rd Mr. Marle gave the Society an extremely interesting account of his journey to Labrador with a Solar Eclipse Expedition of 1905. As is always the case with an account of a personal experience, his lecture was full of that sense of life and vividness which is so often lacking in the case of a scientific paper.

The lecturer opened his subject with a general elementary account of the formation and nature of a solar eclipse, explaining it to some extent by means of freehand drawings on the blackboard.

The expedition set out from St. John's, Newfoundland, and proceeded northwards by boat along the eastern coast of Labrador to Cartwright, where the eclipse camp was to be held. Mr. Marle described the character of Labrador, its people, and its animals. He also gave a detailed account of the various places visited, relating the interesting incidents or adventures which happened at each. The eclipse camp, which was under the direction of a University of the United States, was upon British soil, and the commander of the expedition was extremely careful to have the poles bearing the flags of the two countries exactly the same height, so that no precedence should be given to either! The

instruments used for the observations were clearly described and explained, and a review of the personnel of the expedition was made. On the day of the eclipse the sky was clouded, and not one photograph of totality could be obtained, and that, the moment of the eclipse over, the clouds began to break, and they saw the moon just leaving the sun.

Owing to lack of time there was no discussion at the end, and the pleasant evening was concluded by a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Marle.

The second meeting of the session was held on November 17th, when a most excellent paper was given by Miss Boswell on "Some Geological Aspects of Scenery." The paper was opened by a quotation from A. B. Woodward's *Geology of England and Wales*, expressing his opinion that no subject is more fascinating to students of geology than scenery, and that the study of what might perhaps be considered dry details of that science could be viewed as a means by which interesting deductions were to be made.

The scenery of a country is affected by a great many factors, the chief among which are the nature of the rocks forming the land and their mode of arrangement. Horizontal layers or strata tend to form flat land or pyramidal mountains; while much contorted strata bring together rocks of different age and varying hardness, which is the cause of grand scenery of many districts, particularly the Swiss Alps. It is the comparatively rapid wearing away of easily disintegrated rocks which leaves the more resistant materials standing out as hold mountains and beadlands. The peaks which are now the highest, especially among the older rocks, are seen by the structure to have formed at one time the bottom of ancient valleys, e.g., Snowdon. The jointing of rocks, or easily breaking up along certain planes, to a large extent determines the characteristic form of the various rock masses; but it must be remembered that each rock does not unwaveringly give rise to a definite type of scenery—the climate of the country affects the mode of its weathering, and the rock itself is of varying composition, and hence its properties in different places are not identical.

The term "rock" was defined as any mass of inorganic matter forming the earth's crust, and the chief classes—igneous, sedimentary, and metamorphic—were briefly discussed.

The subject was treated chronologically, starting with the oldest rocks. These having been greatly worn down by the effect of long denudation are seen chiefly as low ridges and the cores of mountain chains. The highlands of Scotland, however, also belong to a very early period. The state of the next age causes some of the beautiful wild scenery of North Wales as it weathers into sharp, jagged edges.

Some of the loveliest landscapes are due to igneous rocks—that is, those which are formed from the consolidation of molten material, either at the earth's surface, as in the case of lava from volcanoes, or deep down in the ground, as is believed to be the case with such rocks as granite, which contain well crystallised minerals. The Lake District exemplifies this, and there were several slides of the charming corner of England.

The various shapes taken up by the more or less disintegrated granite masses were illustrated by some views of Dartmoor.

The limestone of the Carboniferous or Coal Period has its characteristic scenery—somewhat rounded grassy hills, pinnacles, and irregular masses, like heaps of ruined masonry. It is very soluble in water containing carbon dioxide, and caverns are frequently excavated in it, often by streams which have sunk down into the ground. Dropping water deposits

quaintly shaped stalagmites and stalactites, fine examples of which are to be seen in the Cheddar Caves.

The soft marls and sandstones of succeeding periods produce undulating land, good for agriculture, but having rather tame scenery. To this Mesozoic, or Middle Life, Period belong, however, also the harder clays and limestones of the lias and oolite, which form good coast scenery in Dorsetshire. The notable example of contorted strata at Lulworth Cove is of this age. The chalk also is well known, with its smooth grassy hills or steep white cliffs with their irregular promontories.

The tertiary rocks are but thin and not very resistant. The sands and gravels form pretty heaths and wooded heights like Highgate and Hampstead, near London, as well as the beautiful New Forest nearer us. Finally, the action of the ice during the Glacial Period has done much to round off sharp angles and give a more uniform appearance to the land.

Dr. Cavers, who took the chair, had kindly provided the lantern slides, while Mr. Simmons, to whom many thanks are due, ably managed the lantern, which Dr. Boyd was good enough to lend. A hearty vote of thanks to Miss Boswell, which was carried with acclamation, closed the proceedings.

W. A. K. S.

HOSTEL NOTES. ❧

♦ ♦ ♦

BEVOIS MOUNT HOUSE.

THE Hostel was re-peopled by the Seniors a week before the advent of the Juniors, so there was—or would have been if the irresistible fascination of school-practice had not made all other matters of no interest—ample opportunity to form conjectures as to what the new “daughters” would be like. They came, and behold, Inters. were as common as blackberries, and even Finals were not wanting. “It’s a long lane that has no turning,” and even Bevois Mount House, which has long been given over to the most unlaudable frivolity, now has learned “to scorn delights and live laborious days.” And it will soon be the abode, not only of Minerva, but also of the Muses. A Literary Society has been formed to increase our knowledge and appreciation of poetry.

The only occupation that vies at all with “swotting” is knitting ties and gloves, generally destined, so the enquirer learns, for “brothers.”

The event which has this term most disturbed the even tenor of our way here, is the display of fireworks given by the men students, for which we take this opportunity of thanking them heartily.

D. R.

WINDSOR HOUSE.

THE Windsorites’ return to their “little wooden hut” was somewhat clouded by the absence of those old familiar faces, which, other terms, had welcomed them back to the scene of their arduous labours. But “the old order changeth,” and the anticipation of the new order (not to mention the pleasures of school-practice) soon banished such futile regrets from their minds.

Great was the excitement over the new arrivals, in whom the Welsh element was found to predominate, and now, the respective merits of Cymru and England form the subject of animated disputes. A characteristic feature of the newcomers seems to be the strong bond of affection which exists between them and their relations. A happy little diversion was created amidst the toils of school practice by the preparation of divers "gins and pitfalls" into which the Juniors unsuspectingly walked. How vigilantly they observed the stringent rules arranged, and strictly enforced, for their benefit! How eagerly we watched the daily procession of the innocents, laden with all sorts and conditions of foot-gear, to the boxroom! The delight with which the Folk Songs were received could not compare with the pleasure and entertainment afforded by the Juniors in their valiant attempts to satisfy the demands of the "examining body." What unique renderings of "ba le sa re oh" and of "kee, kay, ki" were given on this occasion, and in spite of our comforting assurances that they were being let off lightly, still the quavering voices continued so low that only the minimum of sound could reach the ears of the crotchety examiners. (This is also base for anything.—Ed.)

Never do we appreciate Saturdays so much as when they occur during school-practice! We took advantage of these short respites to acquaint the Juniors with the beauties of the neighbourhood. Choosing naturally, Southampton's most picturesque spot for a starting point, our first excursion was to the docks. We eventually reached our destination—the "St. Louis," and this visit gave us some little insight into "life on the ocean wave." As a happy contrast to the busy life of this industrial centre, our next visit was to a rural scene, Netley Abbey. Many of us must have borne charmed life's that day, or we never could have escaped from the dangers into which we inadvertently fell. The fruits of our labours were dished up in a new form for Sunday's dessert, but we must apologise for this tart way of pudding things.

A new feature of interest has been created by the removal of the notice-board next door. After being for years the haunt of such nocturnal visitors as ghosts and rats, it has now, like the Palace of Versailles, been put into the hands of the painters and decorators, preparatory to the advent of those historical heroes—the Trojans. In consequence of this Trojan invasion, notice is given that a Windsorite Marathon Race will ensue—date uncertain. The hall has been selected as the starting point, and the winning post is to be fixed in the attic, the object of this contest being to ascertain the velocity of sound through the medium of a brick wall. A special stock of hob-nailed boots is being laid in for the occasion. We conclude by wishing everybody "Nadolig llawen a blwyddyn newydd dda i chiwi."

K.

HOSTEL ON DIT. ❧ ❧ ❧

+ + +

THAT four sevens do not always come to 28.

THAT Owbridge's Lung Tonic is a remedy for cold feet.

THAT Bulls-eyes : Swat : : Jam : Pills.

THAT sevenfold repetition is sometimes resorted to by certain people.

THAT the scientific Society is a blessing and boon.

THAT Scientific Mathematics now decree 2 miles + dinner + 2 miles = 2.30 p.m. (Rea-leigh!).

THAT "swotting" seems very prevalent amongst the rising generation; perhaps they could tender a little advice to their "parents."

THAT the notice boards seem to have a great attraction for the men students.

THAT you can match "it" at Chaplin's.

THAT permission ~~can~~ be obtained, so long as there is an understanding.

Dbad dba faerwoekz woer ôl rait.

REPORT OF THE CHESS CLUB.

* * *

THE term so far has shown that a large number are very keen on the "King of Games," in spite of its being "so bwainy," as someone caustically remarked. A most successful season may therefore be anticipated.

Past glorious battles had considerably thinned the ranks of the pawns, beheaded the knights, unmitted the bishops, and even threatened the kings; while the battlefields themselves are much the worse for wear. Five new sets and two boards have now supplied the deficiency. A word of warning as to the use of these:

"Take them up tenderly
Lift them with care,"

or they may follow in the footsteps of their predecessors.

The handicap tournament, now well started, is conducted on the "all play all" system. This is by far the most satisfactory, and even the weakest are just as likely to secure a prize as the strongest. Three prizes will be awarded to those gaining the highest number of points. Two of these prizes have been very kindly provided as usual by Professors Masom and Watkin. The record board has been well patronised, and, as the match teams are chosen from the order on this board, some good contests for position may be expected.

This year we have one of the strongest teams the College has ever had. The Senior v. Junior match proved to be what is commonly known as a "wash-out" for the Seniors by $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. Still, the juniors have improved wonderfully, and will, no doubt, do credit to themselves later.

On November 17th we played Southampton at the College, and after a most stiffly contested struggle Southampton won by $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$. Professor Masom on that occasion very generously provided a much-appreciated supper.

A good fixture-list has been arranged. The following have represented Hartley in the club matches up to date:—Professors Masom and Watkin, Messrs. Marle, Lock, Soper, Hill, Curtis, and Ruddle.

H. L.

CHORAL SOCIETY. ❧ ❧

✦ ✦ ✦

THE proceedings of this Society are so well known to all participating in the College life that little need be written concerning its doings.

Again this year we are undertaking a work by Mendelssohn, the Forty-second Psalm, which is, perhaps, neither so difficult or so exacting as the piece sung by the Society last year, but it is in no way inferior to that work in the beauty of its similes and wording and the excellence of its music. It is essential that all those attending the classes will put their shoulders to the wheel, as there is but a short time for preparation—Dr. Somervill having announced that he will visit the College early in March.

The proposed introduction of Folk Songs has met with approval from all concerned, and can only result in increased interest being shown in the whole work of the Society. As a further inducement to harder work we are hoping to give, in conjunction with the Male Voice Choir, one or two musical evenings in the College during next term. We hope to make this inauguration a noteworthy feature in the College life.

W. E. T.

MALE VOICE CHOIR. ❧

✦ ✦ ✦

LAST year the choir came to a somewhat sudden and abrupt end, and ceased to exist after the Christmas vacation. We are pleased to say, however, that this year it has revived, and, like a Phoenix rising from the ashes of its dead self, it is displaying a vitality which promises great things for the future. Not only are the numbers attending the practices much larger than last year, but the enthusiasm and whole-hearted zeal by all is such as can alone repay our conductor for the hard work and energy he puts into his work.

Up to the present two pieces have been taken in band, one entitled "Comrades in Arms" (Adam), and the other "Myfanwy" (Parry). As the session advances we hope to undertake more works, and we shall be pleased to receive suggestions as to new pieces from any interested in the Choir.

Next term we hope to give one of two concerts in conjunction with the Choral Society.

In conclusion, it must be stated that all those who up to the present have not been able to attend the practices will endeavour to do so in the future.

W. E. T.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

* * *

DURING the past fortnight persons of observant habit will have noticed an agitated individual pacing the corridors and carrying a paper boldly headed "Subjects for Debate." The reader may have been accosted, and possibly has listened to such stock arguments as: "Now, the subject is not very difficult, and you will have the sympathy of all present;" or, "You see, this debate does not come until next term, so you have lots of time for preparation."

When passing the Bargate with a feeling of despair at heart the "agitated individual" had serious thoughts of asking the policeman whether he would be so kind as to propose "That the pen is not mightier than the sword."

The difficulty has been overcome by the kindly assistance of Mr. Soper and Miss D. Rushworth.

The first meeting of the Society took place on November 6th, 1908, on which date the House was called upon to consider the proposition "That heredity, and not environment, is responsible for intellectual and moral progress."

Professor Cavers gave an extremely interesting account of the biological aspect of the problem. The cause of environment and education was strongly supported by Professor Clarke, and ultimately triumphed by a majority of 25.

On October 20th the proposition "That the State should be responsible for providing suitable work for the unemployed" was ably introduced by Mr. G. Ayles, and spiritedly opposed by Miss E. J. Horn, who, in spite of the limitations placed upon her by the possession of a "feminine brain," secured 30 of the 68 votes.

We are disappointed to report that the second meeting was not so well attended as the inaugural one, but the Society has so far realised its functions as to bring out many speakers from among the students. May we take this opportunity of thanking all who have so readily helped with the arrangement of the programme. Members of the Society are urgently asked to speak, for no matter how well the proposer and opposer deal with the questions, the evenings will not be a success unless a large number of students take part.

There are before us many interesting problems which centre round such points of importance as "The authorship of Shakespeare," a subject which will be treated by Professor Masom on December 11th, 1908. The questions of "Secular Education," "Revival of bygone Punishments," &c., &c., should prove of great interest. It is sincerely hoped that the present enthusiasm will be maintained throughout the two terms, so making the Literary and Debating Society one of the most popular and attractive of our College functions.

W. D. H.

CHRISTIAN UNION. ❧

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WOMEN'S BRANCH.

WE have continued with success the plan adopted last term, viz., substituting Bible Circles for most of the General Meetings. At our first meeting Miss K. Taylor (President), Miss B. Wakely (both sent as

delegates from this branch), and Miss L. Russell gave us interesting reports of their impressions received at the Baslow Student Movement Conference. Miss Aubrey addressed our Harvest Thanksgiving Service, and on November 15th we had a helpful talk from Miss Warner, Travelling Secretary of the S.M. We have a large number of new members, but the Committee are still anxious that the Union should include the majority of the College students. We hold Bible Circles, a Missionary Circle, and Social Circle every week, and should be very pleased indeed to welcome new members.

M. S. }
B. W. } Hon. Secs.

MEN'S BRANCH.

Officers of session 1908-09:—President, Mr. H. J. Tomlinson, B.Sc.; Vice-President, Mr. E. J. Evans; Treasurer, Mr. H. G. Sutton; Bible Circle Secretary, Mr. A. French; Secretary, Mr. D. Evans; Committee, Messrs. W. E. Thomas, C. M. Brooks, F. P. Bex, J. S. Calder, G. T. Clark.

It is rather early in the session to be able to refer to the influence which the Christian Union exercises upon our College. This term we have had very enthusiastic meetings, which have been helpful in many ways, and we look forward with confidence for a successful session. Twenty-six members have already signed the Basis, and we hope that many more will do so shortly. We do not exclude any student from our meetings, but, on the contrary, we give a hearty welcome to all to join us or to attend our meetings, even if they will not sign the Basis.

This year we had an innovation. On October 25th we had a Freshers' Meeting, which was addressed by Mr. Mitchell, Borough Road College. Mr. Mitchell came to Southampton on behalf of the Headquarters of the Student Movement. He dealt with the detailed work of the Christian Union, and emphasised the need for Bible, missionary, and social study. His address was greatly appreciated by all present. We have had papers this term on various subjects: Mr. H. G. Sutton (his "Report of Baslow Conference"), Mr. W. A. K. Smith ("What God is, and Why I Believe in Him"), Mr. D. Evans ("My Impressions at Baslow Conference"), Mr. P. Haskell ("Consistent Living"), and we are looking forward to papers from Mr. E. J. Evans (on a missionary topic), and Mr. C. M. Brooks ("The History of the English Bible").

We are having two Combined Meetings. The first was held on October 18th, when the Rev. J. Morris, B.A., Portland Chapel, gave us an address full of helpful hints, and everybody present felt very grateful to him for his well-timed remarks. There were 80 students present at this meeting. We are now eagerly looking forward to the next United Meeting, on November 29th, when Prof. Hearnshaw will give us an address. The name of the speaker is a sufficient guarantee that a profitable afternoon is in store for us.

The Bible Circles are late in commencing work, but the Committee hope that we will be able to report progress in the next report; too much emphasis cannot be placed on this branch of Christian Union work. The book for study this term is the Galatians.

D. E.

SOUTHAMPTON SOCIETY OF OLD HARTLEYANS.



THE annual meeting of the above Society was held at the College on October 30th, 1908. In the absence of the Principal (who had sent a letter of apology stating that he was out of town), Mr. D. R. Bennett presided.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and adopted.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected:—President, the Principal; Vice-Presidents, Miss Bennett, Messrs. D. R. Bennett and H. F. Muir, B.Sc.; Treasurer, Mr. Myland; Secretary, Miss V. Davis; Committee, Misses Cox, Chandler, and Gayton, Messrs. Hicks, Moir, and Farrant; Representatives to the Central Committee, Dr. Cavers and Miss Constance Clark.

The following programme for the session was adopted:—November 28, Opening Soirée; December 11, Literary Evening—Tennyson; January 23, Annual Dance; February 12, Musical Evening; February 27, Whist Drive and Dance; March 20, Closing Soirée.

The old students will be very pleased to welcome the present students to their meetings.

The following is the Secretary's report of 1907-8:—

"I think we may congratulate ourselves on last season's work. We held two Soirées, a Dance, a Whist Drive, and a Musical and Literary Evening.

"The purely social gatherings were not so successful financially as might be desired, but our Invitation Evenings must be voted a great success.

"We had large and enthusiastic gatherings, such as we may be congratulated upon. Our 'Sullivan' evening was the most enjoyable. Prof. Clarke gave us a very interesting account of Sullivan's career, and he was also responsible for some important criticisms of the composer's work and style. The illustrations were greatly appreciated, and the evening was such a success that we were asked to repeat it at St. Barnabas Hall. After a legion of minor arrangements this was done, and those of us who attended had a very enjoyable time.

"Unfortunately, owing to the illness of Mr. D. R. Bennett, the Literary Evening was threatened with annihilation, but after much trial and tribulation, and, incidentally, the recovery of Mr. Bennett, it became an accomplished fact.

"I think that Mr. Bennett is to be congratulated on the way the evening went off. His introductory paper was a masterly effort, and he was ably supported by Mr. H. E. Muir on 'Charles Kingsley,' Miss Montgomery on 'Jane Austen,' and Miss Chandler on 'John Keble.'

"In my opinion such evenings as these are the best work we do, and I hope that in the future we may be able to continue such efforts.

"Once again I am glad to express my appreciation of the help and ready willingness which I have received from the Committee. They have worked faithfully and well."

W. C. M.

WELCOME SOIREE.

* * *

To taste the first sweetness of college life, the Juniors assembled to partake of the hospitality of the Principal and Senior Students at the Welcome Soirée given on October 10th. There was a good gathering and many members of the staff were present. The Principal spoke a few words of welcome, remarking that the social life at college was an important factor in the student's career, an opinion, to judge from the greeting it received, fully endorsed by all present. An excellent musical programme was provided, and those, who listened to the strains of sweet melody from and in the galleries, at least seem to relish the length of it. Pianoforte solos were given by Miss Fellows and Mr. W. Thomas; duets by Misses Knapp and Wise, and Messrs. Roberts and Watkins; whilst Miss Marshall, Miss Sanders, Mr. Plascott, Mr. S. P. Heath and Mr. Roberts sang; and Miss Labriola gave a mandoline solo.

Messrs. H. Cassady and R. Plascott, as M.C.'s in the ballroom, carried out the dance programme very successfully, while Miss Coomber and Mr. W. Thomas in the games room kept everything in full swing. Mr. W. A. C. Guy, the secretary of the Soirée, presided over the card room.

A most enjoyable evening was spent, and the Juniors seemed to fully relish it and wish for more, which they soon obtained by giving shortly afterwards a Soirée to their Seniors.

JUNIORS' SOIREE.

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If the Welcome Soirée had proved a success, the one given by the Juniors on November 21st proved more so. They have caught the spirit of such affairs and treated their Seniors, in true style, to an excellent evening. They have lived up to the tradition of the past, and, in creating a new precedent of giving a Juniors' Soirée in the first term, we know that when next year comes round they will see their Juniors do the same, for it is an excellent idea.

A large number of students mustered and many members of the staff came to partake of the hospitality of the Juniors. A lengthy dance programme was provided, and Messrs. W. Harrup and E. W. Clark did excellent service to the dancers in seeing the programme through. The organisation of the games room was in charge of Miss Lovett and Mr. G. Ayles, the secretary of the Soirée, and from the first to the last they had their company well going. Great credit is due to all the M.C.'s for the excellent way they carried through the evening's programme.

Several musical items were given. Mr. Parry received much applause for his singing, whilst Miss Gates gave a pianoforte solo. Songs were sung by Miss Dymott and Miss Bryant. A humorous monologue was contributed by Mr. G. Clark, and an instrumental selection by Messrs. Humby, E. W. Clark, Haskell, and Trowbridge.

The evening was a great success, but the clock crept on too quickly, and one could have hoped that the chartered car had been detained Above Bar and the "tolls" might then have been paid in the interval for waiting.

LONDON SOCIETY OF OLD HARTLEYANS.

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THE summer term opened auspiciously at Boxhill, and then gave its next sign of life by gently fizzling out in a drizzle (really a downpour) at Richmond, at a time of the year when frizzling would have been more appropriate. The shadows of coming events did not reach Boxhill, however, on May 23rd, when a goodly party of London Hartleyans gambolled in the sunshine on the Surrey Alps. The ascent of Boxhill was accomplished (the performance being comparable to innumerable mountings to the Biological Lab) an indescribable infusion was imbibed, and the time not so occupied was spent in such puerilities as playing baseball and getting lost.

The combined outing of the Portsmouth, Southampton, and London Societies to Guildford was carefully arranged, but even the care lavished by the London Sec. on the commissariat failed to arouse enthusiasm in the "provinces" and the outing failed to come into being.

The Richmond outing on July 18th was not favoured by the sun, and only a small party of ten members turned up to welcome the "Inter" students for whom the outing was intended but who came not. With the aid of umbrellas the devoted band carried out the programme, and, in spite of mud, spent a very pleasant afternoon.

The present session commenced with the Annual General Meeting on September 25th, about 45 members being present. Mr. Snashall was re-elected President; and Miss Blount, Miss Swaine, and Mr. J. D. Sayle were elected Vice-Presidents; Mr. W. A. Rogers was elected General Secretary and Treasurer (vice Mr. C. Paice—married), with Miss Morley and Mr. R. J. Jacobs as assistants. The following members form the new Committee:—Misses Asb, Dyer, Edwards, Messrs. J. H. Butters, G. Green, and C. Paice.

After the business was concluded some musical items were rendered and an enjoyable evening was spent.

A pleasant whist-drive was held on November 6th, when a most desirable booby was won by a lady member, and the flirtation table was well screened.

By the time this is read the Annual Dance will have taken place (November 28th), and it is hoped that it will be the success of the session.

The Secretary will be glad to receive the names and addresses of past students living in or near London, who wish to become members,

W. A. R.

HARRIERS' CLUB. ❧

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THIS club is a young, but healthy, addition to the family of the College Union, to which it has been affiliated.

At a meeting held early this term the following officers were elected:—President, Dr. Cavers; Captain, Mr. Phillips; Secretary, Mr. Cutler; Committee, Messrs. H. Sutton, T. Turner, C. Brooks, and R. Caldicott.

The club runs are held every Monday night at 9 p.m. from the Cowherds Inn, on the Avenue, the club having obtained the use of the Golf Room for the evening.

Up to the present four runs have been held, and a paper chase has been arranged for Speech Day. All the officers of the club take an active part and turn up regularly for the runs, but the membership remains disappointingly low—the average number being only a dozen. Perhaps it is better to have a few enthusiastic members who turn out regularly, but we should like to see at least twenty every time. What is the matter with able-bodied Hartleyites? Is it the *work* bogey, or is it general slackness?

HOCKEY CLUB. ❧

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Our hockey season started well on 21st October with a match—Seniors *v.* Juniors. Many of the latter played exceedingly well, and gave us good cause to hope for a very successful season. Miss Aubrey refereed, and the result was 3—2 for the Seniors. Mrs. Bland provided a special tea in honour of the occasion, after which we decided that it would be a good idea to have a Hockey Song to be sung after matches. Accordingly all those possessing poetic genius were asked to contribute. So far only one song has been forthcoming, and for this we are indebted to Miss Winnie Daw. We hope that others will follow her example, so that we shall have a good variety.

Our next match was against Sandown, on November 7th. Miss Aubrey was again referee. The result was: Hartley, 3; Sandown, 2. Afterwards we had a combined Hockey and Common Room tea, which was followed by the rendering of the Hockey Song.

On November 14th we drew with the Highfield Ladies' Hockey Club, the result being 1 all. We should like to add that, although several beginners have been to the practices, we, like *Oliver Twist*, still want more, and shall be pleased to welcome anybody, even if she has never seen a hockey stick before.

In conclusion, we should like to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Jesson in allowing us to use his field in Fulse Road.

K. T.

TENNIS CLUB. ❧

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A GENERAL MEETING was held in the Central Hall at 1 o'clock on Monday, October 26th, 1908. Miss Aubrey was in the chair. There was a large attendance. The business was the election of officers for the season of 1909. Nominations were received and a ballot was taken.

The following were elected:—Team Captain, Mr. W. A. C. Guy; Vice-Captain, Mr. C. B. H. Clark; Hon. Secretary, Mr. T. Turner; Committee, Miss Hitchcock, Miss Ploughman. Mr. Sutton, Mr. Thomas.

The interest shown at the above meeting augurs a successful season. We need new nets, &c., &c., and, the Central Committee being willing, will have them.

T. T.

THE RUGBY CLUB.

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It is with great pleasure that we have to record the doings of this club. Born in an environment which, though not actually hostile to it, is the stronghold of a rival game, the mere fact that the club exists and receives the support it does makes us feel that Rugby at Hartley has become a permanent institution. The game, we know, cannot hope to out-rival Soccer here through the lack of opportunity to play it, due chiefly to the difficulty in arranging fixtures, yet the support it obtains is gratifying to all those concerned in carrying on the work of the club. Rugby, we consider, is in no way inferior to Soccer, and for its virility and robustness it is superior, while the actual physical benefit which its devotees get from it cannot be estimated.

The practice games have shown that there is plenty of good material in the College to form a much stronger fifteen than that of last year. Though owing to the fact that all those who play are so light we cannot hope to be able to point to a long list of victories at the end of the season, yet we can hope to give our opponents a good game and to offer them a sturdy resistance.

v. Borough Road College.

This game with our redoubtable opponents from London was played at Regent's Park, October 31st. The teams lined out under the charge of Mr. B. R. Hughes and our Captain. Having won the toss Prof. Studer kicked off at 3 o'clock. The match was played with great earnestness by both sides, and we think the dash shown by the forwards of the Hartley completely surprised their opponents, but we had to retire beaten but not disgraced by 16 points to nil. At back T. Turner gave a splendid exhibition, while Mr. Phillips, who again turned out for the College, deserves special mention for his work among the forwards.

In the evening the teams enjoyed a splendid tea provided for them by the Women Students in their Common Room. The ladies were heartily and deservedly cheered by all present. We know that Borough Road enjoyed this part of the programme above all.

v. Trojans.

Played at Atherley Ground, Nov. 21st. Trojans 31 points, Hartley 5 points. Despite the score we think we may confidently state that we gave our opponents a good game, in fact, for the first twenty minutes we quite held our own, but after this the more intimate knowledge of the game and the superior weight of our opponents told their tale. Mr. Phillips, though handicapped by an injured finger, shone among the forwards and had the satisfaction of scoring our only try, which J. Turner converted with a magnificent kick from an exceedingly difficult angle. The other players worthy of note in this match were D. J. Jenkins and J. H. Roberts.

v. Trojans.

Played at Atherley Ground, November 25th. Trojans 28 points, Hartley nil. Again the College were able to give their opponents a good game, but once more the weight of the latter gradually wore them down, and truly it would be good if we could get in much more practice. Wood played a really good game at three quarters. The forwards showed much dash, but the team lacked combination.

B. R. H.

SOCCER NOTES. X X

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OCTOBER 3.—The season opened to-day in glorious weather. The usual opening match—Seniors v. Juniors—was played before the largest crowd I have seen on Regent's Park. The Junior Team revealed some fine talent which will be very useful this season. The Seniors managed to win by four (Turner) to one (Going). The Principal kicked-off, and the President (Mr. Phillips) was the referee.

OCTOBER 14.—To-day the College played two matches at Regent's Park. The First Team entertained Civil Service in the Wednesday League, while our Seconds played the Winchester College Second Eleven. As far as the College is concerned the Wednesday League opened well. It was a fast game throughout, and ten minutes from time it was 2—2. Owing to the combination of our forwards, and the dash of our centre forward (Turner), the game finished 4—2 in our favour. The Second Team played a very hard game, beating Winchester by the odd goal in three.

OCTOBER 17.—Quite a Re-Union took place to-day at Regent's Park, the match arranged being Past v. Present Hartleyans. The team which represented the "Old Boys" was far stronger than last year, and a very even game resulted. Before the match an interesting photo of the "Old Boys" was taken, the Principal being included in the group. Mr. Ernie Taylor was the referee, and the game terminated in a draw of 3 all.

OCTOBER 21.—Winchester was our trysting place to day where we were entertained by the Training College. We went away with two reserves, and during the first half the home team had the better of the play. Half-time saw the score Winton 1, H.U.C. 3. During the second-half matters did not improve and Winchester romped home 4 to nil. The referee was young, and will in time no doubt learn the rules of the game.

OCTOBER 24.—To-day we played Southampton Cambridge on our ground. They turned out their League team which was too hot for us, and a rather one-sided game ended in a win for Cambridge to the tune of 7 to nil.

NOVEMBER 4.—Netley Hospital was visited to-day, the Royal Army Medical Corps entertaining us in the Wednesday League. We were at full strength. About twenty minutes from the start Going, our inside left, had the misfortune to dislocate his left wrist. The college continued with ten men, and at half-time the score stood at 1 all. No goals were registered in the second half, and our second League match ended in a draw as stated.

NOVEMBER 11.—To-day we entertained Freemantle Wednesday in the League. We were at full strength with the exception of the injured inside left. The College kicked-off and went straight down the field, scoring through French. The ball then went to the other end where our right back managed to net the leather in his own goal. Play was rather slow now, both goals being visited, and half-time saw the game 3—2 against us, Cotton scoring for the College. In the second half play was more brisk, the College equalising with a fine low drive from Heddon. Freemantle responded with another, shortly after which Heddon again scored. Play was now exceptionally fast, both goals being visited. Freemantle missed a penalty and Turner netted, but it was disallowed. No further score was made and the best game of the season ended in a draw of 4 all.

NOVEMBER 18.—To-day we played two matches with the Winchester Training College. Our Second Team visited Winton, while the Firsts were at Regent's Park. Our First Team was almost at full strength, and a good game resulted in a win for the home players of 4 to 1. The

Seconds went way with rather a weak team, and a one-sided game ended in a beating for the College to the tune of 4 to nil.

November 28.—The Football Team had a day which will live long in pleasant memories. Leaving Southampton about 10.30, Reading was reached just after noon. We were met at the station by some of the college fellows and taken to the University College. After a hasty look round we went to Wantage Hall—the fine new Men's Hostel. Here we partook of lunch, and at two o'clock the match took place. During the first half play was fairly even, and half time saw the score 1 all. Our goal was through Heddon, and the Reading goal was the result of a splendid piece of combination. The score stood at this for fifteen minutes after the recommencement, when a doubtful point arose which resulted in a penalty kick being given against us. This was successfully taken, and from this time the H.U.C. team went to pieces. The final score was 6 to 1. Although our opponents were the superior team, I do not think the result would have been so bad had it not been for the penalty. After the match we were entertained to tea in the men's rooms. The evening until eight o'clock was spent in cards and in strolling round the town. We sincerely hope that the Reading team will have such an enjoyable time when they visit us next term.

The results for the College in the Wednesday League are very creditable, and stand:—Matches played, 3; won, 1; drawn, 2; lost, 0; goals for, 9; against, 7. Points, 4 (6).

In the inter-college matches, with Winchester we have won two and Winchester two; with Reading we have lost one.

With the wealth of talent brought in by the Juniors to augment that already in the College a most successful season is anticipated. Nothing goads a team to success more than the fact that it is being watched and cheered on by supporters. Visiting a college football ground not many days ago I saw one half of the touch-line crowded with college supporters, and you could hardly hear yourself speak when anything worth praising was done. I should very much like to see this state of things at Regent's Park. Show that "animating spirit" which we hear so much about and turn up in good numbers and support your College.

W. A. C. G.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE. ❧

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As recorded in the last issue of the Magazine, the Captain and 40 N.C.O.'s and men of the old volunteer company transferred to the Territorial Army in May. The Annual Musketry Course was completed on two Saturday mornings, and then we began to look forward to, and prepare for, Camp.

This year the Camp was at Ludgershall on the eastern edge of Salisbury Plain. All men, except specially excused, had to attend for eight days, but it was optional to remain for a further period up to 15 days. Our Captain and 30 of other ranks put in the full 15 days, the average attendance for the company being 13.5 days per man.

The Camp was infinitely better than any it has yet been the present writer's privilege to attend. The new system of messing, which makes colour-sergeants responsible for the dieting of their men, was found to be far superior to the old system of regimental arrangements by the Quarter-

master; but to be perfectly fair one must explain that there is now more money available for food than was formerly the case. A specimen of a day's menu would be: Breakfast—coffee, bread and butter, pork sausages; Dinner—baked meat, potatoes, cabbage and pineapple; Tea—bread and butter, sardines. In addition, pay was issued at the rate of 11s. for one week, and 22s. 6d. for a fortnight.

The weather was gloriously fine, and the work, though of a very varied and instructive nature, was not by any means as arduous as in previous years. We were lectured upon the little peculiarities of convex and concave slopes and made to practice the points inculcated in the lectures until our knees were verily sore and we sighed for our turn of defence. But we solaced ourselves that it was because we were such "stickers" that the longest journeys, the most doubling, and all the other fatiguing work fell to our lot.

One outstanding feature of the Camp was the number of times the "alarm" sounded after "lights out" had gone and we had retired to rest. This was due to the fact that each night two companies were sent on outpost duty, and on some nights cyclists were also despatched to try to break or steal their way through the outpost line. When the outposts were attacked the whole brigade had to turn out under arms and take up positions covering the camp. It was rather annoying to be sent tramping half-a-mile or more across the dewy grass if you had no boots on and were but thinly clad. We had our turn of night outposts. We paraded at 6.45 p.m. in full marching order and were out till 10.30. After the Brigadier had inspected the line taken up, we were withdrawn, and although the night was chilly yet we were none the worse after a cup of hot cocoa which awaited us.

Although we had no long marches our reputation as songsters was re-established, and I am sure that we shall maintain it in future years if the vocal abilities of our last recruits may be accepted as a criterion. "Ours" did very well in the cricket matches and should have done better at football. In the tug-of-war we had hard lines in being beaten in the final by the odd pull. It was a case of science against weight, and here we should do better next year. Lastly we gained the third prize (£2) for the cleanliness of our line in camp, and are hoping for a higher place next year.

So far the present session has brought us two new lieutenants and 20 new men, making our strength 3 officers and 60 of other ranks. We hope to enlist more men to replace wastage so that we may go into camp next year 60 strong. This should present but little difficulty in a college in which there are so many strong, healthy young men of good physique. The company is open to all sections of men students. We are handled entirely by our own officers and N.C.O.'s, we have our own miniature rifle range and club managed by our own men, and we have a good reputation for marching and cheerfulness. The drills are arranged to suit the convenience of students, and ample opportunity is given for performing them.

As a result of our efforts during the past year we have won the Second Prize (£5) in the competition for the Battalion Challenge Shield. What to do with this money is a question for the members of the company to decide at an early date, and with a little care we should manage to get as high or higher next year.

In conclusion, let me urge any students who are thinking of joining us to do so at once, so that advantage can be taken of the winter evenings to make a good start and so leave the summer evenings free for other pursuits.

C. S.



HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
SOUTHAMPTON.

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